

March, 1940

The Liguorian



Forgiveness
C. D. McEnniry

•

One of the Thieves
D. F. Miller

•

On Ushers
E. F. Miller

•

The Planesong of St. Gregory
F. A. Brunner

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AMONGST OURSELVES

As March begins, you have only about three weeks of Lent remaining. Sort of a half way mark has been reached. Looking back, have you made any advances in the first three weeks? Or have they slipped by without making much of a dent in the hard crust of materialism that the present day world gradually congeals around the souls of us all? Chip away at it these last three weeks by a bit of penance here, an extra bit of prayer there, and a few good confessions and Communions. Put yourself in the mood by reading the first pointed paragraph and the allegory "One of the Thieves" in this issue of THE LIGUORIAN.

Then when Holy week comes, you will have the crust so softened up that the deeply stirring events commemorated from Palm Sunday to Easter will start you off on another annual cycle with deep religious convictions and courage and grace enough to make it a holy and a happy year. God be with you in your task.

The Liguorian

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CONTENTS

<i>Articles</i>	PAGE
FORGIVENESS - - - - -	131
C. D. McENNIRY	
THE PLANESONG OF ST. GREGORY - - - - -	151
F. A. BRUNNER	
ETCHINGS FROM LIFE - - - - -	157
L. F. HYLAND	
WHAT WOULD ST. PAUL SAY? - - - - -	161
C. DUHART	
ON USHERS - - - - -	168
E. F. MILLER	
<i>Stories and Biography</i>	
ONE OF THE THIEVES - - - - -	137
D. F. MILLER	
ONE LIFE FOR MILLIONS - - - - -	143
E. F. MILLER	
HONOR SYSTEM - - - - -	156
F. A. RYAN	
G. K. CHESTERTON - - - - -	173
A. T. ZELLER	
<i>Miscellaneous</i>	
THREE MINUTE INSTRUCTION - - - - -	136
D. F. MILLER	
THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN - - - - -	142
L. F. HYLAND	
QUESTION OF THE MONTH - - - - -	167
MOMENTS AT MASS - - - - -	172
F. A. BRUNNER	
SILVER AND GOLD (Verse) - - - - -	130
L. G. MILLER	
<i>Departments</i>	
CATHOLIC ANECDOTES - - - - -	179
POINTED PARAGRAPHS - - - - -	181
LIGUORIANA - - - - -	186
BOOK REVIEWS - - - - -	188
CATHOLIC COMMENT - - - - -	190
LUCID INTERVALS - - - - -	192

SILVER AND GOLD

If speaking is silver
And silence is gold —
I'll have both in plenty
By the time I am old.

But if it be certain,
As often I've heard,
That a man will be punished
For each idle word,

I'd best be content with
The gold I can gain,
Lest my silver should purchase
Me nothing but pain.

My gold — like a miser —
I'll heap it up high,
And wait for my silver
Till after I die.

— *L. G. Miller.*

FATHER TIM CASEY

FORGIVENESS

C. D. McENIRY

FATHER Casey counted it sheer good luck that he had been prompted to look in at Monogue's that rainy winter afternoon. The whole Monogue family had gone out leaving Uncle Dan to mind the house. And with the family out, Uncle Dan was at his best; for when Mike Monogue was present to check up on his tall stories and Mary Rose to censor his grammar, they cramped his style.

The priest found the grizzled old globe-trotter and two of his cronies seated around the kitchen stove. They preferred that to the living room; the solid wooden chairs gave them a firmer hold on the earth, and there were no rugs, cushions or fancy embroidery to get tangled up with their comfort. They welcomed the visitor as a heaven-sent arbiter to settle their discussion. For of course, being Irish, they were having a discussion. But we must go back to the beginning of it.

It began from a remark of Uncle Dan's: "Isn't it a shame entirely that Larry Duggan isn't with us the day. We could sit over to the table for a few hands of forty-five."

"Dan, me boy, I'll have yourself and Terence here to sthrichtly understand that I'll sit at no table with Duggan or anny of his kind."

This catagorical pronouncement from William caused both his hearers to take the pipes from their mouths and stare at him incredulously. Realizing that it was incumbent on him to elucidate his position, he straightened up in his chair, cleared his throat and began: "I'm a pay-sible man, and I bears a power of ill-thratement afore losin' me timper, but whin a snake-in-the-grass thries to bate me out of me job, I'm finished with him, for good and all."

"You don't mane to tell us, Willum, that Duggan thried to bate you out of your job."

"He did that same, the sarpint. And the back of me hand to *him*."

"Well now, well now, look at that! Shure I wouldn't have been thinkin' that of Larry Duggan. It couldn't be — mind you, I am just supposin' — it couldn't be, mebbe, there was some mistake, some misunderstanding, could it, do you think?"

"Mishtake, is it! Whin the rapscallion scoundrel goes to the office and rayports me for not kapeing wan of thim new-fangled reglashuns laid down by the sthriplings of college boys that are now runnin' the plant! Mishtake! man alive, what are you talking!"

"They tould you Duggan rayported ye?"

"Not in so many wur-rds they didn't. But it was plain as the nose on your face, none the less. It was like this: the foreman comes into the boiler room, and he sez, Willum, he sez, you're doin' foine, he sez, but take a tip from me, and thry to confor-rum with the new reglashuns, he sez. — Reglashuns? sez I, sorta innocent like. — Thim reglashuns on the bullytun board, sez he. — I seen there was some sort of proclaymation, sez I, but me eyesight's not so good, sez I, ceptin' for aisy print, sez I. And annyhow, sez I, don't I kape up the sthame stiddy at the right pressure? sez I. — You do, Willum, sez he. — And don't I make a ton of coal go as far as the next wan? sez I. — You do, Willum, sez he. — Then what the divvil, sez I. — 'Tis like this, Willum, sez he, you've been rayported at the office, sez he, and lessen you change your system the way it says on the bullytun board, I'll be losin' the best fireman in the plant, sez he."

"**B**UT how do you know it was Duggan was in it? Did you ax him?"

"Who else would it be? He has had his weather eye on me job ever since the time I was down with the newmoaney and they let him thry his hand at firing the boiler — 'tis a mayricle he didn't blow up the plant. Did I ax him? I did *not*. Whin he comes by with a load of cindhers and stops to chew the rag — Take up the handles of that wheelbarrow, sez I, and get the ell out of here afore I brain ye with a shovel, sez I. — And nary a wur-rd have we spoken from that day to this."

"I dunno," Uncle Dan repeated meditatively, "I dunno."

"You dunno *what*?" And the light of defiance flashed in William's eye.

"I dunno can the pair of ye go on, not spakin' like that."

"And why not? I ax you."

"You cannot be a Christian and hate your inimies, you know."

"And who says I hate him, the blaguard? Can't I spake whin I plaze and hould me tongue whin I plaze? There are hundreds of min in the

THE LIGUORIAN

plant to whom I say never a wur-rd from wan year's ind to the other — and I don't hate them."

"But this is diffrent. You and Duggan belong to the same parish. You are both in the Holy Name. You have been friends and fellow-workers for ages. I dunno can you begin all of a suddint and treat him like a black stranger. What's your mind on the matter, Terence?"

TERENCE had been fidgeting for just such an opening. "The holy Fathers that preached the holy mission at St. Mary's," he began, "cautioned us to forgive our inimies lest —"

"And who are you to look into me heart and say I do not forgive the scounrel?"

"But the holy Fathers said 'tis not enough to kape hatred out of your heart, you must also show the external marks of forgiveness and Christian charity. And towards an ould acquaintance the laste minyimum would be to bid him kindly the time o' day. Otherwise, they said, 'tis innity. And innity is a mortal sin."

"But think of where I'll be if he bates me out of me job."

"Think of where you'll be if you die in innity. Think of that — while you're still above the ground."

"Arrah, how do the likes of us know what will happen then!"

"How do we know? Because 'tis written. Open the holy Bible and read what will happen to you, as plain as if 'twas already done. The Suprame Judge is on His throne and His angels all about Him. — Who's next? sez He. — Willum, sez the Arch Angel. — Willum, ye blaguard, sez the Blessed Lord, do you remind the time I was wheelin' cindhers in the powerhouse, and you rayfused to spake to me? — Lord, sez you, when did I ever see You wheelin' cindhers in the powerhouse and rayfused to spake to you? — Amin, amin, I say to you, whin you rayfused to spake to Larry Duggan, you rayfused to spake to Me. Then, turnin' to the Arch Angel: Michael, He sez, hunt him out of here, out with the go-oats."

"You have fine talkin', Terence — fine talkin'," unrepentant William retorted. "But shure we've never noticed yourself showin' anny exthry-ordinary marks of endearment towards that son-in-law of yours since the day he had you put your name to his promissory note and left you houldin' the bag."

"That's quite another matter, Willum, quite another matter, intirely."

THE LIGURIAN

The father of a family must demand the honor and obayjience that's due him."

IT WAS precisely at this juncture that Father Casey arrived and had the whole matter laid before him for judgment.

"I am asking nobody to make his Confession in public," the priest began, "but I think none of you here will hesitate to admit that he has committed at least one grievous sin sometime in his life."

"God forgive us — and if it was only *wan*."

"Could any injury done you by your fellowman be compared in wickedness with the injury you did to your Creator and Redeemer when you deliberately offended Him by deadly sin?"

"Father Tim, it could not."

"Still you hope, through the merits of the bitter passion and death of Jesus Christ, to be forgiven?"

"We do."

"Suppose God would say: I forgive you; that is, I forgive you in My heart. But I am done with you. Never again will I speak to you; never another grace or blessing will I give you; never will you set foot in My heavenly home. Would you be content with that kind of forgiveness?"

"Father Tim, we would not."

"But that is the kind of forgiveness you asked for when you said your prayers this morning. You said: Father, forgive us — forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us. You, William, who will not speak to your neighbor; you, Terence, who have shut the door on your son-in-law. And that is the only kind of forgiveness you will receive until you, yourself, fully and freely forgive. Though you have offended the infinite majesty of God, you expect to be forgiven, and yet you say the offense committed against your puny majesty is unforgivable. But remember the great God will forgive you your trespasses as — and only, as — you forgive those that trespass against you."

"Shure, I'll thry thin," said William. "But, Father Tim, dear, 'tis mighty hard."

"You profess to be a Christian; whom do you follow?"

"Our Blessed Lord."

"It is hard. But do you think it was easy for Him to pray for those who were torturing Him to death: Father, forgive them? It is hard, but

THE LIGURIAN

with His example before you, can you refuse? It is hard, but His grace can make it easy, and He gives His grace to every man of good will that humbly asks for it," said Father Casey.

Questions for Eternity to Answer

How the United States can continue to endure in the face of the paganism and unbelief which is the creed of most of its people.

Why Communists are heroes one year when they attack Spain and cowards the next year when they attack Finland.

How Westbrook Pegler, possessed of the Catholic religion by birth and aware of its magnificent traditions by education, can write reams and reams of copy in three score newspapers, and never give the slightest impression that he is Catholic or that Catholic philosophy has influenced his thought.

How Roosevelt, a man of learning and sincerity, can go through life never conceiving the notion that in reason only one religion can be Christ's religion; can go through life never giving birth to the idea that the Catholic religion ought to be investigated in its claims for divinity, and that eternity depends on that investigation.

* How George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells can be considered great writers and thinkers though they are a tissue of contradictions, inanities, and pagan and impractical suggestions for the betterment of the race; while Chesterton, the genius of the age, can go into his grave unsung and unsaluted except by the voices of a few of his co-religionists. *

How the system of public school education can be considered the salvation of democracy though the very name of God with its moral implications is excluded on which democracy must depend.

How Catholic boys can marry non-Catholic girls; how Catholic girls can marry non-Catholic boys in view of the innumerable failures such marriages turn out to be.

How thinking Protestants can remain Protestants, and indifferent Catholics can remain indifferent.

What an eye-opener eternity is going to be!

Three Minute Instruction

MOTIVES FOR CHARITY

It is impossible to practice charity in all that it implies unless one has accepted the motives for charity provided by the religion of Jesus Christ. All charity otherwise motivated will be found to fail in some particular or to degenerate into selfishness, when a real test of it is given. The motives Christ gave, on the contrary, are sufficient to overcome every form of that selfishness which is forever taking issue with incentives to charity. These motives are:

1. The motive of the love of God. Every human being is bound to love God with all his heart and soul and mind and will. Loving God means loving the things God loves, and God loves every human being He created with an infinite love. He became man for all men, lived, worked, taught, suffered and died for them. He loves even sinners until by dying unrepentant they are lost to Him forever. Anyone, therefore, who possesses in his heart the love of God, has to love his fellowmen with a real and active love. That is why St. John said: If any man say that he loves God and hates his neighbor, that man is a liar.

2. The motive of the brotherhood of man. God made all men brothers in a social and spiritual sense, dependent on one another for peace on earth and the salvation of their souls. One who realizes this relationship of others to him and their dependence on him, both for happiness in this world and in the next, cannot let selfishness stop the flow of his charity because he knows that to do so is to disrupt his own peace and to spoil his own chances of salvation. Thus the second motive of charity makes a man understand that working for himself means working for all.

3. The motive of incorporation in the mystic body of Christ. The true Christian is a member of Christ's body, and remains a living member only so long as the principles and example of Christ continue to live in him. The outstanding principle and example of Christ's life was that of charity: the external mark of all the members of His body must always be a like charity in thought and word and deed. That is why Christ said: By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you have love, one for another.

Some people, with no belief in Christ, try to practice charity because they love peace. Others attempt it because they want to be loved and honored. But every natural and purely human motive for charity places limits as to how far charity should go. Only that charity which is based on the love of God and the everlasting brotherhood of man and in imitation of Christ is unlimited enough to effect peace on earth and happiness in heaven.

ONE OF THE THIEVES

What can happen to a man, what has happened to many men, ever since those three crosses grew out of the rock called Golgotha, is a thousand stories rolled into one.

D. F. MILLER

JOHN SMITH was a compact of many men. He was a combination of all the men who have ever trumped up arguments against going to church, practising religion, paying money for the support of pastors, and praying to God for grace. He was a thousand men bundled up into one, and he had said the things that a thousand men are saying every day.

On a certain Good Friday, just before noon, John Smith found himself in the street with an afternoon on his hands. Most of the stores and offices including his own place of business, had been induced to close from 12 o'clock until 3 by the religious elements of the community. Many people were walking briskly along, with an object clearly in view. They were going to church, thought John. Many of them were going for the first time in a year. He might as well go too. Follow the crowd, see what's doing, said John.

He entered the church about five minutes to twelve. It was already crowded, but he managed to crowd into an empty space in a rear pew not far from the door. Near the door is a good place, thought John, I can leave when I get too bored.

Where the altar used to be, as John remembered, there was nothing but a great hanging purple veil. Before the veil stood a towering cross, with the nailed body of *Him*. There was nothing more in the sanctuary save a few kneeling benches and chairs for the clergy. In a little while the priests filed out from behind the veil and took their places. Without organ playing, the choir began to sing a hymn, doleful and sorrowful. John relaxed and allowed himself to enjoy the music. Everybody looked solemn and they were very quiet. John felt solemn and a little pious too.

After the hymn, a few prayers were said by one of the priests. John could not hear them very well but now and then he would catch words and phrases. He didn't strain to hear more. Then a priest stood up beside the cross and began to speak.

In a voice that brought every word and every syllable to John's ears, he described the scene on Calvary. Sweating men — digging a hole — stripping *Him* — pounding nails through His hands and feet. Then His first word: *Father, forgive them.* . . .

A STRANGE thing happened to John Smith when he heard those words. Some of the men of whom he was a composite began to speak. Their words tumbled through his mind, biting, cutting, searing, and all the time there was the cross before him and the words of *Him* seemed to linger in the atmosphere around it. Accompanied by swearing voices and thudding hammers and the grunts of workmen: *Father forgive them.* . . .

"I'll get even with Brown if it's the last thing I ever do. Thinks he can call me a 'cheater' and get away with it. Perhaps I have got by with a crooked deal now and then. But I won't take any back talk from Brown. Here, Miss Phelps, take a letter. Make duplicates enough to send to half a dozen dealers who do business with Brown. 'Dear Sir: Certain facts have come to light in regard to one of your clients, Mr. A. B. Brown, that I feel you have a right to know, etc., etc.' Another week and Brown will be tramping the streets" . . . "No, I'm not doing anything for my brother. He made his bed, let him lie in it. He spent his money on drink and I saved mine; let him starve now; he's got it coming. His wife and children? They never did anything for me, did they? I don't care if they have to go naked, it's their funeral." . . . "A lot of crust that priest has, trying to tell me how to run my business. All he wants is my money. Well, he's not going to get it. I'm through with Church. I'm through with priests — with their big cars and their swell homes and their vacations in Florida and California. It's all a racket . . ."

That's right, John, said a voice. Smash your enemies. Show no mercy. Rob, wreck, ruin everybody who crosses you. Crush them. But look, John. There *He* is. They're nailing *Him* to a cross and *He's* saying: *Father, forgive them!*

THE priest with the ringing voice was describing a second scene. There were thieves hanging on crosses beside *His* cross. One of them was tough, hard, a "big shot" cornered. He knew how to swear. He wasn't taking his punishment "lying down." He'd have a last word

THE LIGUORIAN

before he went out and he'd let the whole world hear it. "Hey you, who call yourself Christ! You who talked so much about what you could do! Get me down from this cross and I'll believe you. They said you could raise the dead. Here's an easier job than that. Get me off this cross if you're not just a cheap show-off who played tricks on people. Do that and I'll cut you in on my next big deal. . . ."

A man after your own heart, John. Where did you hear all that before? That's right, from your own blasphemous lips . . . "I used to go to church, but what did I get out of it? Nothing. When I was half starving, just getting a start in life, what did religion ever do for me? Did any priest come around and give me a lift? I should say not. They went right ahead building churches and schools and houses for themselves. And now that I've made my pile, they think they can cut in on it. Religion is a lot of graft. Can't do anything for you, if you're down and out anyway, except a lot of show-off with prayers and things, and a lot of mumble-jumble about accepting suffering for your sins. Bah! Let 'em stop all the talk about suffering, and we'll believe 'em. . . ."

You're tough, John. You're hard as nails. You're a big shot. You know all the answers, and you can even tell God off. But you're going to die some day. Then you'll have a chance to tell God off to His face. Or will you have the chance? Don't you think He knows every rotten thought you ever had in your mind? Don't you know that He has hoarded up every blasphemous word you ever spoke? Don't you realize He has a record of every soul you scandalized and cheated and ruined? . . . You're turning pale, John. You're sweating. It's getting hot in church. But *He* is still hanging there. And there's another thief hanging beside Him. He used to be tough, too. Hard like yourself. He knows now it was all a sham. He's making the "big shot" on the other cross look like the puny fool that he is. He's talking to *Him*. And He who knows everything is saying: "*Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.*" Don't twitch so much, John. You're making people nervous. What if you are the first thief, damning religion and priests and Christ and God . . . maybe you could become the second. . . .

JOHAN SMITH collected himself during the monotonous reading of the next prayers and the thought came to him to leave the church. This thing was going too far. It was no longer entertainment. That big cross seemed to be getting bigger, until it seemed to be the only

THE LIGURIAN

thing he could see in the church. It made his irreligious braggadocio seem so empty and futile and beside the point. Before he could move, the priest was speaking again. He was talking about the Mother of *Him*, standing beneath the cross. And the voices of the men he represented began again to beat through John Smith's memory, and this time he hated and despised them. . . .

"It may be all right for sentimental women and kids, but all the virgin-worship is so much superstitious bosh. Look at them, running to church, praying for money and health and all sorts of truck. A bunch of sheep, that's all." It seems different here, though, John, doesn't it? You can't think of anything against her, can you? Go ahead, think up something. You've blasted every sacred thing you ever saw. You made fun of churches, priests, religious people, those who prayed to this Mother. Can't you see her standing there now beside the cross? She's his mother, you know. She has to watch Him die. A hard, matter-of-fact man of the world like you ought to be able to think up some new blasphemy to heap on her. You wince at that suggestion, don't you? She hasn't done anything, except suffer. And she's so frail yet strong, so forlorn and yet loyal; so broken-hearted and yet brave — there must be some meaning in it. There is, John. See there's another John standing there. And the one on the cross is talking to him: "Son, behold thy Mother." Suppose, John, the words were addressed to you?

JOHAN SMITH waited in Church until the last word was spoken and the last prayer said. Then he got up and went out. The sunlight half blinded him as he walked down the steps. He walked rapidly until he had freed himself from the crowds filling the sidewalks. He kept on walking rapidly for an hour.

No matter where he walked, he couldn't get rid of the image of that huge cross before his eyes. And while the cross remained visible, he couldn't stop those voices from beating through his memory. His own words, with every sneering inflection, spoken a hundred times, repeating themselves over and over, like a phonograph record that couldn't be stopped. "Religion is graft. The church is a racket. Those who believe are suckers. I don't need prayer — don't believe in it. I live my own life, see; I do what I please, see. Don't talk to me about God; I got too much of that when I was a kid." Endlessly, his own sharp staccato phrases, uttered in drawing rooms, among his business asso-

ciates, in taverns and hotels, kept hammering away. And they seemed so utterly empty and insane when they kept repeating themselves before that cross. They were trying to cover up something that the cross was dragging out into the sunlight, something that you couldn't escape if you walked for a hundred years. He knew what it was now; he had always known; it was his sins.

Finally he walked back to the church. He went inside and sat down. They were taking down the cross and the purple veil. In a little while the altar appeared and everything else as he remembered it of old. The priest who had been directing the work finally turned and left the sanctuary and entered a confessional.

John Smith arose and entered the confessional too.

Sharp Humor of the Saints

It has been said that a saint is the only person in the world with a universal sense of humor. He can laugh at anything and everything, because everything is light and trivial, except God alone and what relates to Him. The humor of the courageous little girl who saved France broke forth, even as that of St. Thomas More, when she was face to face with death. At her trial one of her examiners who had no faith in her mystic voices asked Joan of Arc in what language her voices spoke to her. "Better French than yours," was her unconcerned answer. Another of the learned prosecutors, trying to cast suspicion on her Catholic Faith, put the question: "And do you believe in God?" With a thrust at his conscience that should have put him on his knees, she said simply: "More thoroughly than you."

Perhaps if we listened more attentively and believingly to the voice of our Faith and its teachings, we might be able to mock the opposition, the contempt that the world sometimes shows for our Faith; perhaps we might laugh or at least smile at the trials of life, at suffering and poverty and even death if our Faith in eternity and the waiting arms of God's bounteous love was more vivid and real to us. When Our Blessed Lady appeared to Little Bernadette at Lourdes, with refreshing frankness the little girl asked Mary why she appeared to her and what she should ask of the beautiful Lady on the mountain side. Mary told her: "I do not promise to make you happy in this world, but in the other." "The other,"—that is the important one; if we are sure of possessing that, we can laugh at this one.



THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. Hyland

It is a good thing, both for temporary and permanent shut-ins, to breathe a little prayer now and then, or to offer a little part of the suffering being endured, for that great army of noble men who are spending their lives trying to relieve pain and heal the sick, viz., the doctors. And to add to that prayer of petition one of thankfulness to God that He has inspired so many to give themselves to that difficult avocation and rewards their earnest efforts with new discoveries of relief for human misery almost every year.

It is true, as doctors themselves will admit, that often there are cases in which they can do nothing. It is likewise true that in many instances they have to grope their way through the treatment of a bodily malady, relying as much on a prayer in their hearts as on the skill of their remedies and instructions. Yet even the patient who cannot be relieved or cured by a doctor should find room in his heart for appreciation of effort and of the high idealism that animates many sterling members of the profession.

There are many who are as devoted to the healing of the sick as a missionary to the saving of souls. There are many who claim almost no time as completely their own, being ready to answer a summons in the day or the night. There are many others who spend every spare moment granted to them in study and experiment, in tests and analyses, trying to discover some new way of diagnosing or grappling with disease. The shut-in sometimes catches a glimpse of all this in the fleeting visits that are made by the doctor: and when he does it should call forth a fervent prayer.

The pessimist may try to tell him that not all doctors are idealistic; that this or that one has been careless or neglectful; that some are mercenary and grasping; that others, alas, are unethical and irreligious. But to men and women of good will these examples only serve to shed more glory on the large majority of hard-working, unselfish, morally upright, deeply religious doctors whom Providence has raised up to carry on noble traditions of charity and service from generation to generation.

For all such, and that the weaklings of the profession may become strong, we recommend to all shut-ins an occasional prayer.

ONE LIFE FOR MILLIONS

A strange story of how three loves, one for humanity and one for country and one for his own flesh and blood, made of a scientist a martyr and gave the world a new cure for disease.

E. F. MILLER

FOR fifteen years Dr. Dorheim had worked as few scientists had ever worked before him. Perhaps there was a reason for it — a kind of despair that had come upon him with the death of his wife. Quiet, shy, sensitive, he was possessed of that rare power of loving deeply and intensely, and of finding in his love sufficient fulfillment of all the needs and desires of his soul. Such a love he had for the girl whom he married almost immediately after his graduation from the university. And then she died — of a strange form of pneumonia, and left him with a little baby no bigger than a ten cent doll and utterly incapable of filling the awful vacancy that had so suddenly come into his life.

And so he set himself to work — if for no other reason — to forget, to lose himself in the oblivion of concentration; and to find the defense against that germ before which he had stood so helpless, in order that others might be spared the suffering that had been his. He buried himself in a basement in an out of the way place, and began his researches working eighteen and twenty hours a day, and resting only when complete exhaustion allowed him to continue no longer. And then one day, after a thousand, after ten thousand experiments, he made his discovery — he found the cure for incurable pneumonia. Beside himself with joy he turned a full week over to rest and relaxation, locking his laboratory and even whiling away an hour or two a day with strangers over a glass of beer in a corner tavern. He was rudely shocked out of his excesses, however, by a visit from two soldiers who handed him a letter. He opened it and found therein a summons from the dictator of the country to appear at the dictator's own palace on Friday evening at eight o'clock. The day then was Thursday.

THE meeting was attended by, besides himself, the minister of war, the chief of the secret police, the surgeon general, and the dictator himself. It was the first time that Dr. Dorheim had seen the

dictator, or had even given him a thought. So taken up with his experiments had he been that he had not had time to notice the oppression and tyranny that had been growing fast around him, or the one who had been their cause. Nor was he bothered now. He had discovered a new drug that would revolutionize the medical world. That was his only interest, his only joy.

Only one light burned in the center of the gloomy room, casting bright reflections on the polished surface of the hardwood table around which the men sat in studied silence, and relegating the bemedalled and pompous generals and kings in their frames upon the wall to shadows and semi-darkness. The blinds on the windows were down, though they need not have been so, for the streets were empty and deserted. It was no longer safe to be abroad at night; too many people had disappeared under cover of darkness of late, and had not returned to tell the story of their adventures.

When all were settled in their places the dictator arose to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the news has come to us through reliable sources that Dr. Dorheim has made a discovery that will have a vast and far-reaching effect upon the world. You have the report of this discovery in your hands. We have been watching the doctor for some time and have kept ourselves informed on his researches. In bringing to light his truly extraordinary drug, he has saved for our nation thousands of lives, and has strengthened our defenses immeasurably. But by the same token he has strengthened the defenses of our enemies. In view of that fact, I have certain proposals to make." His piercing eyes fell upon the face of each of his listeners as though to find there the least tinge of disagreement or dissent. Satisfied that all was well, he went on. "It seems best to us to withhold the formula of this new specific from doctors in general and from foreign doctors in particular until sometime in the future, lest by spreading it abroad we maintain the health of those who otherwise, and rightly, would die. Why should we preserve life only to destroy it with our guns, when it can so easily be destroyed by the ravages of germs? Do you not agree with me that this is a wise policy?"

The question asked was a question that could receive but one answer. And those who sat around the table knew it. Fear was written on their faces, and ill-disguised disgust for so monstrous a proposal. Yet to a man they nodded their assent, even with smiles, even with praise for so subtle a scheme. All but one — the humblest, the lowliest in the

room. And that was Dr. Dorheim. He kept his eyes on the floor as he stood up to speak, seemed ill at ease, and sounded almost apologetic in the tone of his voice.

"I cannot agree with such a plan," he said diffidently. "The years I spent in research had only one end in view — to help suffering humanity. My work was not for particular nations or parts of nations, but for mankind. Therefore to withhold this cure from people merely because they are traditional enemies — and at a time when men and women are dying by the thousands — is to commit a crime that eventually will be far more disastrous for us than any amount of bullets and shells that they might fling at us from their guns. To me such a course of action is pagan and inhuman." He sat down. Not a word greeted his announcement; not an eye was turned in his direction lest it be interpreted as agreement with his words.

"And what is the opinion of the other men?" asked the dictator.

"It is clear that the doctor does not understand the condition of his country," said the minister of war.

"Perhaps it would be of interest to him to know," said the surgeon general, "that we have already named his discovery after him." He smiled and beamed upon the doctor. "When it is given to the world, it will be called Doraline."

"Our leader is right in his suggestion," said the chief of secret police, "and the Doctor wrong."

"It seems," summed up the dictator, "that the votes are against you, Dr. Dorheim. We can appreciate your noble viewpoint, and your humanitarian ideals. But noble viewpoints and humanitarian ideals cannot always defend a country when it is encircled by blood-thirsty enemies. We regret to say that we shall have to go counter to your wishes and withhold your discovery from the world. A few loyal doctors will be told the secret, and they alone will be allowed to serve the medicine to the sick in the Fatherland."

"That can easily be arranged," said the surgeon general.

"And I need not say," concluded the dictator, "that since this means so much to the country, it will be death to the man who disobeys our command and allows the news to leak out to others who might be interested in hearing it. By secret law it shall be considered treason. There is nothing more to be said. Let us adjourn." Dr. Dorheim found himself wending his way homeward to his basement laboratory.

THE LIGURIAN

HIS mind was in a turmoil. Hopes now were destroyed, and dreams lost. The paper that he had almost finished and which was intended for all the great medical journals of the world would have to be cast aside. Meanwhile death would continue to make his rounds, touching this one and that one, when so easily he could be driven away. The doctor could not reconcile himself to so inhuman a decree.

But then again, perhaps he had allowed himself to become so engrossed in his researches that he had not paid sufficient attention to his country's politics. Seldom had he read a newspaper; never had he discussed the government and its policies with his fellowmen. He had been a recluse in the real sense of the word. He did not really know what was going on around him. Undoubtedly it was high time that he become acquainted with the movements of the day, and acquire some patriotism for that land which had given him birth. Knowing the difficulties and problems of his country, it might be that he could understand the reason for the strange order.

The next morning he visited the new stands and purchased an armful of papers and magazines, and having brought them home, began to read. They were government-controlled papers and magazines, filled with one-sided propaganda, and carrying no news except that which was favorable to the state. Dr. Dorheim read on. And as he read on, and filled his mind with the poison so innocently and righteously printed in every column, a great anger began to rise in his heart — anger against the peoples and nations that were persecuting his country and like vultures waiting to attack it the moment the defenses were let down; and at the same time there began to arise in his heart a great love for the man who took upon his own shoulders the safeguarding of his people. He might be called a tyrant and a dictator. But that was only the slander of those who would like to see him destroyed. Undoubtedly he was the greatest and most self-sacrificing man of the age.

It took Dr. Dorheim two weeks of intensive reading to come to this conclusion. But once converted, nothing could stop him from spreading the new gospel. Forgotten now was the sting of defeat that he felt when the words of the dictator made his life's work futile and without reward. Forgotten — until one morning. As he was conversing with a group of fellow zealots in his laboratory — he had taken to inviting a few of his neighbors to his quarters — a messenger boy appeared at the door.

"Telegram for Dr. Dorheim," he said.

THE LIGURIAN

"Here you are," answered the doctor. He tipped the boy, continued his panegyric on the dictator, absent-mindedly tore open the envelope. He read the message once, then again. The paper slipped from his hands. He quickly retrieved it, stuffed it into his pocket, and said:

"Sorry, my friends, but a business engagement calls me away. Some intimate matters that I must attend to at once. I hope that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

AS SOON as the last man had left, and the door been securely bolted behind him, he drew forth the telegram tremblingly, and read its contents for the third time. The words were few, but the story they told was tragic beyond words. They came from a Sister in a hospital across the border. They consisted of but one sentence. They simply related that Miss Mary Dorheim was critically ill with pneumonia — the dreaded type — and that all hope for her life was given up. That was all. A message sent out from hospitals a thousand times a day. But this one was different, vastly different. Mary Dorheim was the doctor's only daughter, the one link that bound him to his beloved wife. Just the year before he had sent her abroad to finish her education. And now she lay dying, with no hope of recovery.

The doctor could see her as though she were before him — panting, struggling for breath, her face pale and drawn, her pulse growing weaker and weaker. He could see the doctors come into the room, look down on the girl for a moment, and then depart. Nothing more could be done. She was doomed. It was only a matter of time, of days, of hours. But could nothing more be done? Didn't he have the remedy right here at his side — the certain cure? His mind was made up in an instant. Dictator or no dictator, he would go to the aid of his child. Sharply he was drawn back to the words he had spoken in the dictator's palace. "My work was not for particular nations or for any part of nations, but for humanity." Here was humanity in the person of his daughter. Here was humanity struggling and dying, and bringing heart-break to thousands of sorrowing, simple, unknown people, merely because of the ambition and selfishness of one man. His eyes were opened now. And he would act! He packed a valise, carefully secreted a tiny box of medicine on his person, and summoned a taxi. A plane was scheduled to leave at eight o'clock. It was now seven.

There was no difficulty in leaving the country.

THE LIGURIAN

The flight took four hours, but to the tortured doctor it seemed an eternity. The beauty of the stars overhead, and the myriad tiny lights shining in the cities and villages far below he did not even notice. The propellers on the huge plane seemed to be loitering in their duty of consuming space, and the pilots appeared entirely indifferent as to whether they would ever reach their destination or not. Wide awake, alternately growing hot and cold in sorrow for his daughter and fear of the consequences of what he was about to do, he urged the plane on and cursed it for its slowness. At last the motors became almost silent, and the descent began. Half an hour later he was standing at the desk of the hospital.

"I'm Dr. Dorheim," he said to the night supervisor. "I received a message about my daughter. I would like to take over. What is her condition now?"

"We are glad to have you here, doctor," said the nurse, "and there will be no difficulty in your going on the case. However, we believe that there is little hope. She was brought in too late." She called up someone on the phone. "Dr. Jackson will be here shortly," she said to Dr. Dorheim. "He has been on the case so far. Now, please, if you will come with me."

They took the elevator to the fifth floor, then walked silently down the long corridor, lined on each side with huge bouquets of flowers that had been removed from the rooms for the night. All was quiet except for the labored breathing of a patient here and the stifled groaning of another there. Pain, suffering, disease on all sides. A whole city given over to the ills and weaknesses of faltering man. It filled the doctor with foreboding, and a dread anticipation of what he was about to see. And then he found himself in the room.

He looked upon his daughter. No external sign of sorrow appeared on his face; no tears came to his eyes. He just stood there, paralyzed as it were, and looked upon that white face entwined with tubes from huge tanks that stood at the bedside, as though he were looking at his own. His throat was dry, his palms moist, his breath came fast. The girl's eyes were closed and she was so still as to seem not to be alive — except when she coughed, as presently she did. Unconsciously she attempted to check the cough, but could not. It came deep from the chest and wracked the whole body with a paroxysm of trembling. It went through the doctor like a knife, exposing his heart and laying it open for all to see.

THE LIGUORIAN

For the first time he noticed that a special nurse was standing at his side. He turned to her, and as he did Dr. Jackson accompanied by the supervisor came into the room. The two doctors shook hands.

"Seems pretty bad," said Dr. Dorheim.

"Almost too late, we believe," answered Dr. Jackson.

"It would be all right if I took over?" asked Dr. Dorheim.

"Perfectly all right." He turned to leave. "And if we can be of any service at any time—" But Dr. Dorheim was not listening. He was calling for the charts, and giving orders at the same time. He was all efficiency, for he was strangely confident now that it was not too late; but no time could be lost.

"We will discontinue for the time being the remedies so far applied," he said. "We will try something else that I have brought with me." He opened his tiny box and produced the medicine — a hundred capsules, surely enough to do the work. "I will take care of this matter myself," he added. He prepared to give the first injection.

IT WAS night again, forty-eight hours later, and the hospital was once more at rest. Dr. Dorheim was seated at his daughter's bedside, a paper in his hands. It was an insignificant paper — a nurses' monthly journal, but it contained an item that was disturbing. It told of the new remedy being tried by the foreign doctor. Nurses' journals do not travel far, but who can tell? . . . He rested his head on the bed, and for the first time in three days, he slept. It could not have been for long, for suddenly he was awakened by a voice that seemed to come from some far off place, from some cave or cavern in the center of the earth. He raised his head and saw his daughter's eyes upon him.

"Daddy," she said.

He was on his feet in an instant.

"Daddy," the voice continued so faintly that it could hardly be heard. "When did you come?" A smile appeared on her lips.

"Sh! Sh!" he cautioned. "Quiet, my dear, quiet now." He felt her pulse, took her temperature. "Thank you, God," he said. "Normal — normal at last." He fell upon his knees at the bedside and for the first time, tears flowed freely down his cheeks. Unashamedly he let them fall. His daughter looked upon him for a moment; then her eyes closed in quiet sleep.

THE LIGURIAN

TWO weeks later Dr. Dorheim said farewell to the doctors and the Sisters in the hospital. His girl was well on the way to recovery now, and he need fear for her no longer. He could go home, dispose of his effects, and then leave forever the country that would be the murderer of his only child. When Mary finished school, the two of them would travel for a year or two, then settle down in some quiet spot where he could pursue his researches in peace and freedom without fear of persecution or punishment if he helped humanity by his work.

He was confident that he could make his escape before the dictator would learn of what he had done. Nurses' papers, he told himself again, have little circulation. He had nothing to fear in that quarter. And if not there, no place else either.

And so with a light heart, he said goodbye to the members of the hospital staff who had come to love him in the past two weeks. He took the train for home. At the border he was met by a group of soldiers, and courteously greeted. They desired him to accompany them.

Dr. Dorheim was never heard of again.

But Doraline is known — and used the world over, and the incurable pneumonia is incurable no longer.

Flocking to the Fold

The Most Reverend Ignatius Ramarosandratana, Vicar Apostolic of Miarinarivo in Madagascar, one of the twelve missionary bishops consecrated by the Pope last year on the Feast of Christ the King, was asked recently, according to the *Catholic Mirror*, how many churches he had in his diocese.

"About 200," he answered.

"About?" queried the questioner, wondering that the vicar should not know his own diocese.

"Yes," came the reply, "about 200. In Madagascar it sometimes happens that churches are built unknown to the bishop."

Then he told the story of how a group of people came to a Jesuit missionary in Tananarive and asked him if he would come and baptize them. They had seen a Catholic Church in a neighboring village. They had liked it, so they built one like it. They liked the singing, so they learned the Catholic hymns. They got a catechism, liked it, so they all learned it. When the priest reached the village, he found the whole population well instructed and leading a life worthy of people who had been Christians for years. So he baptized them.

The bishop had a reason for saying "About 200 churches."

THE PLANESONG OF SAINT GREGORY

Gregorian music is a distinctive style of music prescribed for Catholic Services. Whence it comes and by whom prepared for universal use makes interesting reading for all who have any love for good music.

F. A. BRUNNER

THE word "reform" always rings harsh in your ears. As if on the ear-drums there clashed the sounds of wanton destruction, of punishment, of men falling with the institutions and customs they long cherished.

And yet, throughout the years of the Church, reforms have come. For the Church's growth — its external growth, its spread into new lands and new cultures, has never been a steady move upwards. There were always valleys — and valleys. If you graphed that growth, it would look like the pulsing of a very sick man, jiggling up and down and up. Reforms came, not only in matters of moral discipline, but even in that more intimate and inner life of the spirit, the services at the altar and in the choir stall. Not always were Masses sung with proper devotion, with due propriety. Not always the office chanted as if you were conscious of its position as the "Work of God." And so reformers rose from their bishop's throne, from their papal throne, to drive out the evil spirits, to bring back once more the angel voices, the sweet melody of heaven.

Such a reformer was Pope Gregory I, Roman monk, statesman, chief organizer of the Mass liturgy, after whom the Church's planesong is called Gregorian. Lombard invasions played havoc with worship at Rome. Choral traditions were lost with the memories of those who held them dear. Choral training was neglected when training quarters crumbled to dust. Liturgical music was no longer at its best. You had to do something drastic if you wanted to revive the services to their pristine state, if you intended to make church-going again the splendid center of Roman life.

And so St. Gregory set about his task. Gregory signifies "watchful" — and watchful, prudently watchful, Gregory was. Thanks to that

THE LIGURIAN

vigilance, the beauties of the liturgy were not suffered to die out.

HAPPILY, the liturgical heritage of Rome was outdone by no other for simple grandeur and suitableness. Rome had its own ceremonial, genuflections and bowings, colorful vestments. And its own chant — scholars called it planesong in later years, so you wouldn't get it mixed up with the measured chants of the polyphonists and harmonists. Planesong — scarcely more than a single line of sounds, but a line that binds together like a thread of dainty pearls the tiny droplets of sound distilled by the human voice — was brought to Rome like a box of incense from the East, Oriental music, therefore, basically; Jewish. But through the years Rome had clung to it, clutched it close that the fragrance might not be lost.

Christianity began in a Jewish environment, with fishermen and rabbis bringing their good tidings from Palestine to Antioch and Rome and the other churches. The culture of these places was Greco-Roman and there began, therefore, a perfect fusion of Hebrew and Greek and Roman to form an embodiment of artistic expression that culminated in the planesong of Gregory. Naturally the Hebrew element was dominant at first. When you craned your neck to see the Scriptures unrolled, you expected to hear the lesson in the same singsong as of old. And you sang your psalms of David just as you always sang them since you were a child, and it made no difference that you were not now in a synagogue but in a private home hidden from the scoffing of your neighbors. If you had been a cantor and knew the solo parts by heart, so much the better. Your singing was appreciated, utilized.

But that modifications should creep in was inevitable. As soon as the churches filled law-courts and temples instead of hiding in the catacombs and amid the rocks, they clothed their worship with all the adornment that art could muster. Converts did not, by the dipping in the baptismal pool, lose their artistic past. Christian melodists were probably patterned after pagan musical fragments, or at least motifs and themes for Christian canticles were supplied by pagan tunes. And there was the indirect modification of the Jewish music by contact with Greek and Greco-Roman intellectual molds.

EVERYWHERE, then, there was a sparkling of new ideas, new modes of enriching the services. In Persia a new method of sing-

THE LIGUORIAN

ing the psalms was introduced, and two clerics at Antioch, Flavian and Diodorus, developed it — women and children on one side of the church answering the men on the other. At Milan, in upper Italy, St. Ambrose conceived the idea of writing hymns like the songs of the pagan poets and Arian priests. Solemn processional chants found their way into southern Italy from the Greek-speaking eastern churches across the Adriatic. And the beauty of one church became the beauty of them all, for interchange was easy — what with exiled bishops like Hilary and Athanasius being chased from place to place by blind persecution, and with a constant flow of immigrants driven around by a fear of approaching barbarian hordes.

So at Rome the liturgy sprang into full bloom, decked in finest array of musical splendor. Each century added its gift, till Roman planesong spread-eagled with wondrous melodies. Not that the western church picked up every Oriental tune as a string in sugar-water picks up the sweet crystals. No; Roman art, being young and vigorous, absorbed the Oriental only after blending with its own vitality, so that the chant was no longer exotic but acclimatized, Roman. By the end of the sixth century the church at Rome possessed a vast body of music more or less closely bound up with the liturgical texts. From the synagogue had been borrowed the basic principle of monotone recitation of Epistle and Gospel, the elaborate festal jubilations of soloists in the "Tract" psalmody, and such tunes as we now sing the *Credo* to. Syria furnished the antiphonal style of singing, and the Byzantine churches the processional like the Introit and the Communion.

What part the Popes played in this development of the Roman chant cannot be determined exactly — what part played respectively by Damasus, Leo I, Symmachus, John, and Boniface, co-authors of the chant, says an ancient author. But Gregory's part seems clearly established by the lines often inscribed on the first pages of the old manuscript Mass-books: "Though firmly adhering to what the fathers of the past had left, he yet renewed and enlarged, and these songs the yearly cycle still retains in the services." (It's a shame to lose the incisive rhythm of the original epigram!)

Gregory did, in fact, recast all that vast collection of Mass music, beautifying it here and there, and reducing to more harmonious proportions phrases of those Oriental melodies to which still cleaved many

THE LIGURIAN

elements little to the liking of the sober and more orderly Roman. Deeper than this. In those gray and thunderous days that reminded you of the world's end as St. Matthew describes it, when just yesterday Totila had battered the walls and his army had tramped the streets of the capital, it was no wonder at all that even at Rome much of the chant tradition was jumbled, was forgotten. Music manuscripts were in a state of confusion, scattered to the winds or mixed up and undecipherable. No means were available to keep the tunes in permanent record. The shorthand notation then in use left much to the memory. Study served best to keep the tunes. And choir-schools had for years been neglected; dust and cobwebs instead of orphan lads in the corridors. St. Gregory plunged in. He reestablished two choir-schools or conservatories, one at St. Peter's, one at the Lateran. Here he gathered together the loose strands of musical knowledge; here, with infinite care, he had parchments copied and recopied, so that planesong might not be a distant memory; here, with patience, he corrected and re-edited the liturgical books, changing what needed change, even adding to the collections by inserting materials from other than Roman sources. Imitating the Greeks? He parried the reproach by inquiring, why is it not good to borrow what is better? The compilation became clear, uniform, artistically correct, complete.

DID Gregory I accomplish such a task alone? Probably — and this is conjecture pure and simple — it is better to think of him as a director of the enterprise, pointing out the lines of reform, approving or disapproving the work accomplished, selecting, perhaps personally correcting, but leaving the detail work for the most part to others. He had, indeed, at his command the excellent scholarship and artistry of the singers of the papal choirs, men who studied and taught at the musical conservatories he had founded. The Pope himself instructed at the Lateran choir-school — John the Deacon, his biographer, says he saw the rod Gregory used to recall the wandering attention of his lively young pupils. The clerics and monks who staffed these conservatories were surely capable of doing the laborious detail work at his dictation and direction, but he acted as overseer, surely, and said always the last word, so that antiquity has no hesitation in ascribing to him the final redaction of the choir-books for holy Mass; the Gregorian chants they are called invariably.

THE LIGURIAN

This corpus of strictly Gregorian music at the beginning of the seventh century is perhaps the most complete artistic treasure bequeathed to us by the ancients. All the music is written for solo or unison chorus, in a melodic line built on the diatonic scales, and in a rhythm that is free and flowing. Out of the cruder and less organized music of earlier days had been produced a body of song, all of uniform style, logically designed, fitted wonderfully to the texts of the Mass, and of a noble and thrilling beauty that uplifted the mind into a perennially vital expression of worship to the one true God as revealed through his eternal Son in the words inspired by the Holy Ghost.

St. Gregory's stamp lies even today on the six hundred or so compositions in the *Graduale* or choral book of the Mass. They form the so-called "Proper" or variable texts. The music of the "Ordinary" of the Mass, the Kyrie and Gloria and Sanctus and Agnus Dei, is for the most part the work of later hands, but characterized by the same fine regard for the text, the same spirit of prayer, the same enfranchisement from material conditions of time and space. The music of the Divine Office, too, though not the work of St. Gregory, is ennobled by a kindred mood, and for its spirituality and piety merits the title Gregorian. All these planesong melodies, though written long ago, and in a style that today would be difficult to recapture, are not melodies of yesterday. They are of today, for today and everyday, world without end. Now, as in former times, their rendition (or better, their *proper* rendition, for the barbaric distortion so often heard is not truly Gregorian) help to raise the soul to God, help to prove what Gregory endeavored to prove, the sovereignty of planesong as communal worship.

Appreciation

Some people's appreciation of beauty is like that of the Pennsylvania miner who, while on a visit to Niagara, was taken out to see the great Falls. Gazing at the wild rush of water, he stood silent.

"Well," said his guide, "isn't it a wonderful sight?"

"Ain't what a wonderful sight?" was the reply.

"Why, that vast body of water pouring over the great precipice!"

"Well," said the miner, "what's to hinder it?"

HONOR SYSTEM

F. A. RYAN

The distinguished looking gentleman in the front row of the audience inspired Mrs. De Wolf Updyke with unwonted fervor as she warmed into her lecture on a topic "of supreme interest to all parents," viz., the honor system in the rearing of children. He had come in late, and had deliberately sought out the only vacant seat in the front row. He fixed his eyes upon her and never turned them away. He was a parent, thought Mrs. Updyke; a man needing just the message she had to give.

"The old shibboleths," she discoursed learnedly, "such as 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' are nowadays receiving the scorn they so justly deserve. We have gone much farther in our new understanding of the make-up of the child. We know now that constant surveillance and unbroken chaperonage are definitely, oh, quite definitely, passé. They stunt the child's development. They superimpose upon the creationistic (if I may use the term) powers, latent in every juvenile, the adult's own characteristic limitations. The child must grow and develop like the flower in the field, like the fledging pushed from the nest by the wise little bird-mother. It is the escapist instinct that makes the closely watched child make experiments in petty crime. . . ."

The talk came to an end with a babble of voices. Mrs. De Wolf Updyke took a final glance at her distinguished looking hearer in the first row and saw that he had arisen and was coming forward. She waited a little breathlessly.

His first words took the rest of her breath away. "You're this here Mrs. De—De Something-or-other Updyke, huh?" he said, thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets and teetering on his toes and heels.

"Yes," she said, firmly.

"They told me you wuz givin' a speech here tonight. Danged if I could make out what you wuz talkin' about, though. Thought I'd wait till you got through anyway."

"Wait for what?" said Mrs. Updyke, like a queen to a pauper.

"To give you the message from headquarters." He flipped back his lapel and gave her a glance at his star. "Your kid's down in jail. Got caught an hour ago tryin' to rob a five and dime store."

Before Mrs. Updyke had set in motion her swoon, the distinguished looking gentleman gave her a *coup de grace*:

"Funny thing," he said, "when we quizzed him at the Station, he blamed it all on his mother."

ETCHINGS FROM LIFE

BOY, GIRL, AND RELIGION

L. F. HYLAND

I

LISTEN, Jane, you're a swell kid and I like you. This is about the fifth time we've been out together, and I enjoy your company more each time. But I've got to tell you something you may not like.

What is it?

It's about the matter of religion. It's a very important matter to me. I'm a Catholic — perhaps not as good a one as I'd like to be — but I know what it's all about and I want to go the whole way with it. You're not a Catholic. Do you get the point?

What point? What has that got to do with our going out together once in a while?

Well, maybe it wouldn't mean very much to you, or maybe you wouldn't think of it as I do. But here's the point. As I said, I do like you and like your company. Neither of us has any call to think that means we are going to get serious about one another on so brief an acquaintance. But we might if we go on together. And then it might be pretty tough to break. What I'm driving at is that I wouldn't want to hurt you a lot later on when we might know each other better and possibly might like each other a lot more, so I'd rather hurt you a little bit now by saying we can't keep on. Now do you get it?

You mean — the fact that you are a Catholic and that I am not has to keep us from going together?

That's it, Jane.

Why, I never heard of such a thing in my life.

Then you haven't met many Catholics.

But — aren't Catholics *allowed* to go with anybody but Catholics? Aren't they *allowed* to marry anyone they want to marry? Do they think that nobody is good enough for them except Catholics?

That isn't the reason, Jane. It's because no matter how much you like a person, it wouldn't be easy to get along with that person if you didn't agree on important things that would come up now and then.

We've never had a disagreement, have we? I think love is above

THE LIGUORIAN

all disagreement. If you liked a person you wouldn't disagree. You'd get along.

We're disagreeing now, Jane, because there are some things that I believe in so strongly that I could never agree with the opposite — not even for a sweetheart or a wife. Don't you see what I mean?

No, I don't. You said you liked me. You know I like you — even though I never said so. Religion can't mean more than that.

It does to me. Maybe I could make it mean more to you.

No, you couldn't.

I'm sorry, Jane, but then it's goodbye.

II

NO, JOHN, I won't be able to go to the dance with you Saturday night.

Well, then, how about the new show at the Palace Sunday?

Not that, either.

Well, when will you be free? I've got to see you again soon. I've got to. What evenings have you free next week?

I might as well tell you the truth, John. I don't think I'll go out with you at all any more.

Mary! Don't say that. What have I done to offend you? Tell me and I'll apologize a hundred times.

You haven't done anything. You've been swell. But you don't believe the same things I do.

What things don't I believe?

Well, I'm a Catholic and you're not. That means an awful lot of difference in beliefs.

But I don't care about that, Mary. You can believe anything you want, I won't mind.

But I would mind, John. And you would too, later on, if the shoe began to pinch.

Listen, Mary, I know lots of Catholic fellows. They're good scouts, and I get along fine with them. We never get into an argument or anything like that. It'd be the same with you and me.

No, it wouldn't, John. Because if — if — you and I ever got married there would be certain things we just never could agree on, unless you became a Catholic yourself.

Oh, shucks, I couldn't do that. I always say, let everybody believe what they please just so they let me alone. You could be a Buddhist

THE LIGUORIAN

if you wanted to, and I wouldn't care — just so you didn't ask me to join up. But I'm crazy about you, Mary. I've just got to see you. Just forget all about the religion angle and let's keep on being pals.

I'm sorry, John. It can't be done. Too many have tried it and couldn't get away with it. It's easier now than it would be later, and far more sensible, to drop one another.

Sensible! I think you're being a fool. You like me, I know you do. And I like you, I've told you a dozen times. What else matters?

Right now perhaps nothing else matters very much. But ten years from now something else will matter. If I ever marry, I want to pray with my husband. I want to go to Church with him. I want him to help me raise my children according to my beliefs, which are more important than anything else. That's why I can't give you another date.

Of all the hooley! You certainly have fallen for it plenty! S'long, little sucker.

Good-bye, John.

III

I LIKED that, Jim.

What did you like about it?

Well, the sermon was very clear and very inspiring. I don't think I ever heard anything quite like it before.

What else did you like?

I liked the way everybody in church seemed to be busy with their thoughts and their prayers even when things were silent and there was nothing to attract their attention. Whenever I've gone to my own church, it always seemed that when there was nothing doing, people were just waiting.

Well, you see, it's easy for us. Catholics are taught to pray almost before they know what it means.

It means a lot to you now, doesn't it, John?

Yes, I would say it does. It means about everything to me.

I wish I could say that for myself. I guess you have to learn it when you are pretty young.

You're wrong there, Ann. You can learn it any time. Just as soon as you realize that God is very real and very close, and that He wants you to talk to Him.

That sounds easy. But I imagine there's a lot more that goes with it if a person wanted to believe like you do.

THE LIGUORIAN

Yes, but that too is not so very difficult to learn.

You know, I've heard so many funny and horrid things about Catholics that I would like to find out the truth about them. Just about half of them have already been proved to be lies just through my knowing you.

The other half can easily be disposed of, if you like.

I'm willing. What do I have to do?

It's easy. I'll take you to see Father Ryan tomorrow and arrange for a course of instructions. And I'll go with you to every instruction. It will be a good brushing up for me.

That will make it a lot of fun. May I argue when I want to? Or ask questions?

All you want. The more arguments and questions the merrier. And I'll be the happiest man on earth.

You will? It looks to me like you've had a scheme in mind by taking me to church so often. Tell me the truth, did you?

Guilty and convicted. I did have a scheme. Do you know what it was?

No.

A few weeks ago, I decided I liked you a whole lot. I liked you especially because you were so honest and open and sincere. But being a Catholic, I realized that I would never even begin to think of marrying anyone but a Catholic, because no matter how much people like each other, it's more important that they agree on the important things of life.

So you decided to make me a Catholic?

No. I decided to bring you within reach of the things I count the greatest privileges in the world. To see whether your sincere, frank, honest nature would not be attracted to them at first sight. Am I wrong in thinking that it was?

When did you say we could call on Father Ryan?

Tomorrow evening, about 7:30, will be a good time.

I'll be there. That's how right you were, Jim.



A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably.

WHAT WOULD ST. PAUL SAY?

If St. Paul really had the opportunities that Catholics have today there would be some glorious records in the story of each year's converts.

C. DUHART

"From the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. . . . I have been in perfect peace and contentment."—*Cardinal Newman*.

"I feel as if I had no desire unfulfilled, but to persevere in what God has given me for His Son's sake."—*Cardinal Manning*.

"The convert to the Church is the prisoner liberated from the Bastille; a weight is thrown from his shoulders, the manacles fall from his hands, and the fetters from his feet; he feels as light and as free as the air, and he would chirp and sing as the bird. . . . His thought, his mind, his very soul, is lighted up, and revels in the freedom of universal truth. He feels that he has something whereon he can stand, that he has no longer to bear up the Church, but that the Church can bear him up. He is conscious of an unflinching support."—*Doctor Orestes Brownson*.

These quotations, expressive of the deep happiness and profound peace which marked the reception of these converts into the Catholic Church, might be multiplied by tens and by hundreds. All would tell the story of the contentment found in the wanderer's return to his true home.

One of the most amazing anomalies of history is the vast difference between the picture painted by critics of the so-called proselytizing tendencies of the Catholic Church and her true missionary zeal, ingrafted in her inmost being by her Divine Founder, and resting upon His command that she should preach the Gospel to all nations.

To the mind even of many ordinary non-Catholics who feel no special antagonism towards the Church of Rome, the activities of the Church directed toward bringing outsiders into her fold, are evidences of an undesirable zeal, a zeal which is motivated by nothing else but political expediency, a zeal which aims at mere earthly power, a zeal which will somehow end in the tyrannical subjection of those who unfortunately fall into her snares. They cannot understand the firm stand of the Catholic Church against indifferentism in religion. They can see only in

terested motives at play in the missionary activities which branch out from the Church into all corners of the globe. Of course, there are the more boisterous and more belligerent non-Catholics, better termed anti-Catholics, who see in every faintest move of the Roman Pontiff, in every declaration of Church officials, a diabolic striving after world power, and an attempt to subjugate free nations under her fearsome yoke.

And all the time, the missionary zeal, the ardent desire to win converts to the Faith, burns in the heart of the Church, because perpetually there rings in her ears the Last Supper prayer of Jesus Christ, "That they all may be one, as Thou Father in Me, and I in Thee," and His parting heritage to her, "Going, teach ye all nations." Perhaps, none of the Gospel parables so clearly points out this mission of the Church as the story of the Good Shepherd. Like to her Founder in so many things, the Church is like to Him in this also. She is the Good Shepherd searching everywhere, among the briars, up the mountain sides, even in swamplands for the sheep which have wandered astray, to take them on her shoulders and bring them back to the peace and safety of the fold.

The burning thirst for souls which consumes the Church finds beautiful expression in Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven." The Church, like Jesus Christ, is also a Hound of Heaven, ever pursuing its prey, not for its destruction but rather for its happiness and salvation. The soul speeds on its way, ever searching for its happiness and contentment, finding it nowhere, convinced of only one thing that never shall it find what it seeks in the Catholic Church. It hears the beat of feet behind it, it strains every effort to escape the dreaded capture, it feels that life is over for it, until it finds itself clasped in the embrace of the Catholic Church, and learns to realize that life is only beginning for it, that a vast and glorious future, undreamed of before, stretches out before it in beautiful vistas of happiness.

THE basis of the missionary zeal of the Catholic Church is anything but self-interest. Materially speaking, she has nothing to gain from such activity. Her resources are severely strained by the outlay required for missionary effort. Her best sons and daughters are sacrificed to face martyrdom or the perhaps even more cruel prospect of a long life spent among peoples whose every ideal of life is at odds with their own.

The Catholic Church seeks converts, and seeks them eagerly, not to

receive but to give. After all, what has an individual soul to give the Church, what has a whole nation to offer the Church which she does not already possess? But who can count the riches she extends to those who will only open their arms to receive them?

Ultimately, the reason why the Church's missionary spirit is not understood, is the failure to appreciate the value of a single human soul. The Church sees in each soul the image and likeness of God Himself, she sees in each soul a member of the Mystical Body of Christ, she sees each soul as ransomed by the Precious Body and Blood of Christ, she sees each soul destined either to an eternity of happiness or an eternity of misery — and she knows that she can win for it the former alternative if she can only embrace it within her arms.

The charge that the Church seeks only the conversion of the rich and powerful, is of course groundless and disproved by even the most cursory examination of the facts. It goes without saying that no nation, no class is barred from the missionary zeal of the Church. History proves her to be just as prodigal in expending her efforts for the poor as for the rich; for half-civilized tribes buried away in almost impenetrable wildernesses as for the so-called civilized people; for the Chinese, the Malay, the Negro, the Indian as for the White race. This is undoubtedly the spirit of the Catholic Church, and of every single priest, missionary, religious layman of the Church who is worthy of the name Catholic.

THE Catholic Church has often been accused of preaching the doctrine that all those outside the Catholic Church will suffer eternal damnation. It was said that the statement "Outside the Church, there is no salvation" was capable of only one interpretation — that those not united to the external communion of the Catholic Church, could not be saved. In answer, the explanation was given that this doctrine did not exclude non-Catholics from the possibility of salvation, that they could belong to the soul of the Church and be saved, provided they lived sincerely according to their own lights, tried to serve God as best they could, avoided serious sin or repented after such sin by an act of perfect contrition. It was strongly urged that Christ willed the salvation of all men and that no human being was excluded from that salvific will.

But in the attempt to explain this doctrine and to insist that the gates of salvation are open to all, it appears that some have contorted

themselves and fallen into an opposite error. In practice, if not in theory, they have almost erased the boundaries which lie between the religion of Christ and man-made beliefs. They have drifted perilously toward something closely bordering on a dangerous indifferentism. A rather common attitude is — "Why bother non-Catholics? They can be saved as they are." Assuredly they can, thanks to God! But why did Christ found a Church if it was to have no special efficacy in accomplishing the salvation of souls? Why did He insist that those who hear the Church, hear Him, and those who despise the Church, despise Him? Why did He pray so earnestly that all should be one as He and the Father were One? Is not the levelling of the Catholic Church to other creeds a precarious move toward renouncing belief in the truthfulness of God? Truth is one, and how can God be the author of doctrines which are diametrically opposed to one another?

In the majority of cases, matters do not proceed to such an extreme as this, but a keen observer might notice some tendency in that direction. He might adduce the small number of conversions annually in our country — gratifying it is true, but sadly out of proportion to the population of Catholics — a total made up largely of converts won to the truth by a comparatively few zealous missionary spirits. It might fairly be contended that the vast majority of Catholics feel that they have no obligation in this matter — that the cry "Am I my brother's keeper?" has taken on some appearance of acceptance when there is question of conversion of non-Catholics.

WHAT would St. Paul say if he were living among us today — what would he do? We often speak of the changing times demanding new methods and new modes of attack. I often wonder whether St. Paul would not act today exactly as he did two thousand years ago. I cannot imagine his brushing shoulders daily with millions of men and women deprived of the true Faith, without bringing something of the truth and solace of Christ's teachings into their lives. A trip in a crowded train, an evening in a drawing room would be a breathless romance for St. Paul. He would not bury himself in a corner, complacently muttering that this was no pulpit from which to preach the good tidings. Good faith he would respect, but he would find some way of insinuating some morsels of truth among the groups of believers and pagans who surrounded him.

THE LIGURIAN

St. Paul would use new methods — most assuredly. He would be an ardent admirer of the airplane and a firm believer in its capabilities for accomplishing something nobler than speeding up traffic. His scene of activity would broaden. Instead of Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece, Rome, Spain as formerly, he would now find his way into the wilds of Africa, the frozen regions of Alaska, the mysterious lands of the East, the burning sands of the tropics and the heart of New York, Chicago, Detroit, in search of the most abandoned souls, to enlighten pagan hearts everywhere with the knowledge of the truth.

St. Paul would do and say today just what he did and said in the early days of Christianity. He would tell men about the Unknown God they were adoring — he would stand opposite the temple recently erected to Aphrodite in New York and tell its worshippers how ancient and how foolish was their idolatry and how insane was their pride. He would preach against the worship of Pan, against the vilely immoral deification of Eros, against those religionists whose "belly is their god." He would still maintain that Christ is not divided, that there can be only one true Church of Christ. He would stand before the philosophers and the learned who have forgotten God and confound their wisdom with his foolishness. He would still say that he was willing to be made anathema for the love of Christ, and he would care not a whit if men called him a fool, a religious fanatic, a disturber of the peace. He would still sign his letters, now pounded out by hundreds of secretaries, "I, Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ."

PERHAPS our missionary zeal — and every single Catholic man and woman and child, priest and layman is a missionary — is so low because we do not properly contrast what we have in the Catholic Church with the comparatively meagre helps of those outside the true Faith.

We Catholics are safe from error in the secure harbor of truth. We have a divinely guided Church to teach us, a Ruler, the Pope, who is infallible in matters of Faith and Morals, when he teaches as head of the Universal Church. We have the Sacraments constantly at our disposal. We have our churches, made the holiest of sanctuaries by the perpetual presence of Jesus Christ. And we are sometimes inclined to forget that the lives of non-Catholics are not sheltered in the harbor of truth — that they are beaten about by every wind of doctrine that blows — that they have not the divine guidance of the Catholic Church — that

THE LIGURIAN

the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist are not at their disposal. We are inclined to forget that as we cross the sea of life in the comparatively secure and mighty bark of Peter, they are seeking the distant shore of safety in tiny skiffs tossed about by the heavy billows raised by the powers of hell and destructive forces on earth to submerge them.

The world which Catholics face today is much the same as that which St. Paul faced — there are considerable grounds to believe that its heart is pagan. But these pagans and also believers who have not found contentment in their man-made creeds will listen to the truth just as eagerly today as men did in the days of the Apostles, if only some St. Pauls will rise up to instruct them. And the same weapons as those wielded so powerfully by St. Paul will achieve the victory today — prayer, teaching, example, supported and vivified by the Grace of God.

—“Ad Lib” Ads—

Perhaps European merchants and inn-keepers have polished up their English in the interval, but not so many years ago an enterprising traveller collected these interesting items of advertisement aimed directly at the fabulously wealthy American tourist:

An Italian inn-keeper: “People will find equally thither a complete sortiment of stranger wines and of the kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables and coach-houses, the whole with very moderate price. Now all the endeavors of the host will tend always to correspond with the tastes of their customers, which will acquire without doubt to him in that town the reputation of which he is so desirous.”

* A Swiss hotel-keeper: “Monthly gentlemens will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time; and should they be absent day in month, they will not be allowed to deduct anything out of it because I take them at less rate.” *

Here is the way a dentist puts it: “M. X. renders himself to the inhabitants of these towns which honor him with their confidence, and executes with skill and vivacity.”

A hotel keeper overshoots the mark by advertising that “Wines at this hotel give the visitor nothing to hope for,” and another boasts: “Macaroni not baked sooner than ready.”

But a Japanese official notice tops them all: “The trees’ cutting, birds’ and beasts’ killing, and cows’ and horses’ setting on free at the ground belonging to the government are strictly prohibited.”

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

Do you believe in love at first sight?

Yes, very emphatically do we believe in love at first sight, though not in the sense in which the phrase is widely used in befuddled minds. We believe in love at first sight on philosophical grounds, i.e. in the sense that the passions of man love at first sight anything pleasant or good that is presented. The passions, as love, hatred, desire, aversion, are not of themselves free. In the presence of a delectable object they immediately react by reaching towards it; in the presence of a revolting object, they immediately react by withdrawing from it. Fortunately, however, man was not made in such a way that he has to be ruled by the reactions of his passions in the presence of desirable or undesirable sense objects. He has been given an intellect with which to evaluate thoroughly the object desired or rebelled against; and a will stronger than all the passions with which to reject the desirable or select the undesirable when this is necessary for his greater good.

When many people talk about love at first sight, they mean an attraction felt by one young person towards another so strong, so violent, so all-conquering that it is impossible not to give in to it. Anyone who believes in love at first sight to that extent is denying the exalted nature of man, and is denying that he has any powers that make him a whit different from the animals.

All men find themselves attracted strongly at different times to different things. To food and drink, to pleasures and joys, to places and persons. Those who understand themselves are not surprised at such attractions, but they give them their way only when pronounced upon as reasonable and good by the mind. So a young person should act under the influence of so-called love at first sight. They know that their senses have been attracted, and that they must at once put their minds to work to ascertain whether it is a good attraction or a bad. If the object happens to be a drunkard or a married person or a profligate or a wastrel, not all the love at first sight of all the lovers in the world need prevent the mind from saying "Don't be a fool," nor the will from sidestepping the opportunity actually to become one. Sometimes, it is true, a strong, helpful grace of God may be needed—but that too can be quickly obtained by prayer.

ON USHERS

A brief tribute, and a few modest instructions to the Swiss Guard of the ordinary Catholic Church — its ushers.

E. F. MILLER

THE institution of ushers in Catholic churches is one of long standing and indispensable necessity. Steeples would topple, foundations would crack, and ceilings would leak unendingly were it not for the faithful servants who Sunday after Sunday move up and down the aisles, straight as soldiers, serious as judges, weaving in and out amongst the people with the box in their hands like a sword, prodding the sleepy, the distracted, and the suddenly pious to Catholic action.

Like the Swiss guards the institution is made up of the worthiest a parish has to offer — men weighty in moral bulk and adamant in the maintenance of principle. Blushers, smilers, and stumblers generally are not admitted to the chosen ranks for reasons obvious even to the child. Men with loose fingers are also excluded, lest odds and ends of change slip through the same fingers and become lodged in cracks in the floor or otherwheres. In our knowledge women have not as yet been asked to serve even in the most hidden church, except on those occasions where men are entirely excluded from the service. On such occasions if a collection is to be taken up, it must be done by women. Even so, it has not been found satisfactory, for that element of solemnity so necessary in an usher, and which can be carried properly only by a man, is distinctly absent. The one doing the ushering is distraught by the fear of a shiny nose, while those "ushed" were drawn away from the altar by an instinctive and not to be put aside curiosity to see what the usherette was wearing, how she was wearing it, and how often she had worn it before (if the party was known).

THERE is no special insignia worn by the usher of today, as is the case with the young man at the door of the theatre who warms his feet on the pavement by uninterrupted standing, and the heart in your bosom by the glad welcome he extends you by the look on his dark and handsome face. Generally he (the theatre usher) is

THE LIGUORIAN

dressed up in a way that reminds you of a Hessian soldier (a picture of which we beheld in our history books long ago), and a cadet who is just out of the military academy for a day or two to catch a breath of air. Some, on the other hand, present the appearance of the man employed by the city to keep the streets tidy. But all, no matter how, are adorned with a uniform. Perhaps it would be well if the hierarchy in joint session passed a law that would affect ushers in like manner, bringing back something of the regalia of the beadle of long ago.

Imagine the dynamic effect it would have on the congregation, were half a dozen stalwart men to march up the aisle dressed in knee breeches and red swallow-tail coats, with buckled shoes on their feet, and long, colored stockings on their sturdy legs. The sight itself would be sufficient to loosen purses as the stroke of lightning is quite sufficient to loosen the mighty oak from the soil, roots and all, if it strikes in the right place. The arrangements would not be difficult. A little room could be built onto the vestibule with hooks on the walls and lockers in the corners, and there the men could change when the time came for them to go on duty. So it is with the Papal guards. Why cannot it be so with the American ushers?

We fear that in making this suggestion we are reaching for the stars. So far the only uniform adopted has been a badge worn on the lapel of the coat, announcing that here stands an usher of St. John's Church, Casper, Indiana. Some places have discarded even this, and the only way you can distinguish the usher from the ordinary layman is by the box he carries so capably in his hands.

THE purpose of the usher is twofold. First he shows people where they can find a seat on crowded days. He walks before them very gracefully, and with a deft turn of the finger points out where one may sit, or two, whatever the case may be. In this regard some ushers are a bit too shy. While an usher is not in the same class with the bouncer, sometimes he is called upon to exercise the prerogatives of the bouncer. For example, when a large man or a stoutish woman occupies a place at the end of the pew and refuses to move over to make room for the late comers. Everybody must climb over him or her as though they were climbing over a mountain. Not seldom it presents a problem. Is it better to squeeze in front of the stubborn party and take a chance on bumping the nose or knocking off a pair of spectacles,

THE LIGUORIAN

or is it more advisable to slither over the pew behind and become the laughing stock of those who are beholding? Here, we believe, the usher should take a stand. In a firm voice, held down to a whisper of course, he should encourage the end-sitter to move over and make room. Merely to stand by idly or to retreat down the aisle once the place is pointed out is to allow the situation to get out of hand entirely.

But the main purpose of the usher is to take up the collection. While it is not up to him to decide what kind of a box is to be used, he might very profitably make some suggestions if he is convinced that the right kind of box is not being used in his church. For example again, we deprecate the custom of having the soft, wire-bottom basket which resembles a butterfly net, and into which change can fall without making the slightest sound. It is a worthy ambition to remove all disturbances from the temple of the Lord, but here a slight disturbance might be profitable for all. There is a definite difference in the sound of falling pennies, falling nickles, and falling half dollars if the substance on which they fall is solid and gives some resistance. Were a grown man to drop a penny in a box and were the sound of it to ring out four or five pews to the back and to the front announcing to all and sundry: "This man is supporting his church today with a penny," he might be inclined to think twice before he would begin that search for the price of a stick of gum amongst the coins of higher denominations in his various pockets. Some may say that this is a sordid motive for changing boxes. It is not sordid; it is humor of a subtle and intangible kind, and even the one who furnishes its incongruity will be tickled by it when he arrives at his home, emerges from his Buick Eight, and gives it thought.

Thus it might be well on occasion if the ushers of a particular locality put out feelers as to the possibility of purchasing a gross of shallow collection boxes that could be looked into even by the tot in the front pew, and made of oak or some other hard wood that would ring out like music when played upon by the generous fingers of the faithful.

A GAIN, it is not the business of the usher to determine who should give and who should not give in the collection that he takes up. However, he cannot but help feel hurt if he notices that a man richly endowed with this world's goods confines himself to the minimum or, worse still, to a vision, when the time comes to contribute towards the coal bill. We have known an usher who would so far forget him-

THE LIGURIAN

self at such a time and on such an occasion as to give the holy or the stingy person a not too gentle tap on the back of the head as though by accident when he moved on to the next pew behind, and inserted his box in front of the people of that location for their donations. This caused trouble, hurt feelings, and a complaint to the pastor. No fruit came from the reprimand. Thus we would not encourage the ordinary usher to resort to such methods. He might, though, cast a disdainful eye on the five cent piece of the millionaire, and then hurry on lest the disease so openly made manifest be infectious and catch all those round about.

The rules for ushering are very simple. A man does not need a university education, a job in an office, or a high social position to assume the responsibility. Suffice it if he is upright in morals, not offensive to indifferent eyes, and sincere in his desire to serve the church. He need not be married, middle-aged, or shaven over the whole face. A W.P.A. worker can do as good a job as a member of the Stock Exchange.

While actually serving he should preserve a quiet but happy mien. Let him not steal out into the open to smoke a cigarette when the sermon begins even though the sermon promises little interest, lest in so doing he scandalize the faithful who might see him. Nor let him sit in the vestibule day-dreaming when he should be on his knees — both of them. Let him not loiter about the back walls during services as though he were a man out of work waiting for something to turn up. Let him not carry on useless and superfluous conversations with stragglers, or engage in quarrelsome altercations with malcontents who refuse to occupy the pews near the front of the church. The pastor can be informed in cases like this, and appropriate steps taken from the front of the church rather than from the rear.

When not actually ushering he should be following the services, kneeling and standing as the occasion may demand. It may be that on account of the crowd he shall have to seek a spot in some uncomfortable place, perhaps behind a confessional, or three steps up the stairs leading to the gallery. So be it. He is an official, an officer in the church. As such he can stand inconvenience better than can other people.

And so we say — more power to the ancient institution of ushers. May it increase and multiply and be a credit to the church which it serves.

MOMENTS AT MASS

The Second Reading: The Gospel

F. A. BRUNNER

"The "reading" or lesson, in contradistinction to the psalmody and hymnody and prayers, is an excerpt from an instructive or historical writing of the Scriptures. In the Mass there are usually two such readings, the second a portion from one of the four Gospels, the "good news" recorded by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

Historical Considerations:

Among the Jews it is customary at the Sabbath assemblies in the synagogue to read a part of the Pentateuch or other books of the Bible. The early Christians, probably even in apostolic times, while taking over the custom, often substituted the letters sent to the assembly by St. Paul or one of the other missionaries, or one of the accounts of our Lord's life.

The choice of the Gospel readings was regulated in different ways:

1) Sometimes the order of the Gospel codex was followed from Mass to Mass without reference to any special solemnity. This is what is styled "continuous reading," which was the rule till even after the fourth century. A remnant of this usage is found in the readings from St. John from the fourth Sunday of Lent till Pentecost on all Sundays and ferial days.

2) Sometimes the character of the feast demanded the selection of a more appropriate reading which made reference to the incidents celebrated — Christmas and the birth, for instance, or Epiphany and the Magi.

3) Sometimes the place where Mass was celebrated suggested a given passage. Thus on Sexagesima Sunday the Gospel speaks of him who went out to sow seed, doubtless in honor of "The Great Sower," St. Paul, at whose church outside Rome the Pope sang Mass on this day.

In the Missal as it is used today, there are more than 180 different Gospel readings during the liturgical year.

Devotional Considerations:

Much matter for meditation can be drawn from the interesting ceremonials attendant on the singing of the Gospel at a solemn Mass — ceremonials like the procession and lights and incensing which suggest the high honor which this reading deserves.

Note, too, that the purpose of the Gospel readings is not primarily to furnish a text for a moral sermon; it is rather to furnish a picture of the living Christ and of Christ's continued influence for spiritual, ethical good. The Gospel is veritably the "school of Jesus."

G. K. CHESTERTON

"I was very fortunate in my own family" — thus Chesterton briefly acknowledges what he owes to his family and the backgrounds of his childhood.

A. T. ZELLER

AS I said, to attempt a life story of Chesterton would be very difficult and yet it would be interesting to fix at least the sign posts on his life's way that point to the goal he finally reached. His autobiography, while it is a book to delight a thoughtful reader, ready to find and appreciate golden ideas strewn most unexpectedly and half-hidden under capricious phrases, will hardly appeal to the ordinary reader used to finding everything on the surface.

It is this account of himself that I want to summarize in order to help to a better knowledge of this modern knight, who spent his talents in the service of Truth — with a capital letter — the Truth he found and never tired of loving and living, explaining and defending.

LIFE'S FIRST SPRINGS

I cannot help smiling when I look through some of our periodicals that pretend to dictate our tastes in reading — and find shorter or longer biographical notes on the authors they lift to their hall of fame. Inviolably an author who can boast that he came of a "violently conservative" family against which he rebelled, or a "puritanically Catholic" home which he abandoned in order to achieve "liberalism" — invariably such authors get the call. They take themselves so seriously. They are so conscious of their genius.

Chesterton, however, found nothing wrong with his home — nothing to rebel against; it seems to have been just a sane, sensible home, with much to look back to with pleasure — a home that from childhood began to shape his ways toward the full light of Truth.

Chesterton felt this ordinariness and sameness — and hence playfully satirizes all the stilted "liberals" — who are anything but free. Thus he begins his account with a first chapter entitled: "Hearsay Evidence," — which brings a genial satire on Biblical critics and radical literary geniuses. He says:

THE LIGUORIAN

"Bowing down in blind credulity, as is my custom, before mere authority and the tradition of the elders, superstitiously swallowing a story I could not test at the time by experiment or private judgment, I am firmly of the opinion that I was born on the 29th of May, 1874, on Campden Hill, Kensington, and baptized according to the formularies of the Church of England in the little Church of St. George opposite the large Waterworks Tower that dominates that ridge."

"Of course," he goes on, "what many call hearsay evidence, or what I call human evidence, might be questioned in theory, as in the Baconian controversy or a good deal of the Higher Criticism. The story of my birth might be untrue. I might be the long-lost heir of the Holy Roman Empire, or an infant left by ruffians from Limehouse on a doorstep in Kensington, to develop in later life a hidden criminal heredity. Some of the skeptical methods applied to the world's origin might be applied to my origin and a grave and earnest inquirer might come to the conclusion that I was never born at all."

Such digressions — all hiding some real thought, all bubbling over from a Faith that was vital and throbbing — we must be prepared to meet on nearly every page as we proceed.

"I was born of respectable but honest parents," he writes; his father being "severe, humane and full of hobbies" — while his mother was "more swift, restless and generally Radical in her instincts."

His people were of the middle class, "in which a business man was still permitted to mind his own business. They had been granted no glimpse of our later and loftier vision, of that more advanced and adventurous conception of commerce in which a business man is supposed to rival, ruin, destroy, absorb and swallow up everybody else's business." His father was the head of the business — "an hereditary business of honest agents and surveyors."

Other personages that enter into his childhood are described by him in such a way as to give us a clue to the social and religious atmosphere of his childhood.

There is his father's father — "a pious-looking old man with white hair and beard and manners that had something of that rounded solemnity that went with the old-fashioned customs of proffering toasts and sentiments. He kept up the ancient Christian custom of singing at the dinner-table, and it did not seem incongruous when he sang "The Fine Old English Gentlemen."

THE LIGURIAN

"Christian custom" — one can never pass by such a phrase without a second thought. There is history behind it — a hint of the "love-feasts" of the earliest times, echoes of feudal castles and vassal homes, Thomas More and his jests.

Religion, in any manifest form, seems to have been lacking; apart from his baptism there is hardly any religious recollection. But in the wider background of the times and of his more distant relatives, there is some stock.

There is the maternal grandfather — "one of the old Walsingham lay-preachers" who was "involved in public controversy, a characteristic which has descended to his grandchild. He was also one of the leaders of the early Teetotal movement; a characteristic which has not." Also the solemn friend of his grandfather who "used to go for walks on Sunday carrying a prayerbook, without the least intention of going to church. He solemnly defended it by saying with uplifted hand, 'I do it, Chessie, as an example to others.'"

He recalls another "who was an extreme Radical, a champion of liberty everywhere except at home. . . Tyrants, religious or irreligious turn up anywhere. But this type of tyrant was the product of the precise moment when a middle-class man still had children and servants to control; but no longer had creeds or guilds or kings or priests or anything to control him. He was already an anarchist to those above him; but still an authoritarian to those below. . . ."

However, — "none of my people bore the least resemblance to him." Indeed he had to confess: "I know well I was very fortunate in my own family."

The social ideas that colored the atmosphere of the home are suggested in their finer as well as darker hues.

Having told us that his people belonged to the middle-class, he describes this for us: "One peculiarity of this middle-class was that it really was a class and it really was in the middle. Both for good and evil, and certainly often to excess, it was respected both from the class above it and from the class below. It knew far too little of the working classes, to the grave peril of a later generation. It knew far too little even of its own servants."

They had a strict standard of honesty in business. "The class as a whole," he tells us, "was indeed, dangerously deaf and blind upon the question of economic exploitation; but it was relatively more vigilant

THE LIGURIAN

and sensitive upon the question of financial decency. It never occurred to these people that anybody could possibly admire a man for what we call 'daring' in speculation, any more than a woman for being 'daring' in dress. There was something of the same atmospheric change in both cases. . . ."

One cannot help admiring here how clear and pointed is his perception of the moral phase of all human activities.

Literature too pervaded the atmosphere of his home. In this regard he says: "This care about education and diction, though I can see much to criticize in it now, did really have its good side. It meant that my father knew all his English literature backwards, and that I knew a good deal of it by heart, long before I could really get it into my head. I knew pages of Shakespeare's blank verse without a notion of the meaning of most of it; which is perhaps the right way to begin to appreciate verse."

FIRST EXPERIENCES

Chesterton's first remembered experiences are associated with another characteristic of his home life: hobbies. He defines a hobby thus: "A hobby is not a holiday. It is not *merely* a momentary relaxation necessary to the renewal of work . . . a hobby is not held a day, but half a life-time. It would be truer to accuse the hobbyist of leading a double life. And hobbies, especially such hobbies as the toy theatre, have a character that seems parallel to practical professional work. It is not merely exercising the body instead of the mind . . . it is exercising the rest of the mind."

Now, one of his father's hobbies — the one of all his other hobbies, — that clung to Chesterton's memory through life was "the hobby of the toy theatre." To this he gives symbolic importance in the story of his own life. One must read and enjoy this chapter "The Man With the Golden Key" to see just how he could do this.

His reasons may be put briefly — all too briefly to be clear — in these sentences: In the toy theatre he recognized a sort of symbol of all he happened to like in imagery and ideas — namely, edges, boundary-lines that bring one thing sharply against another; that it awakened in him the faculty of wonder and delight in making things; that it showed him the difference, even in childhood, between make-believe and belief, which even a child knows.

In this connection he gives a very fine explanation of a child's ac-

tion — one I have tested on numerous boys and which you may test on yourself. Here it is:

"The worst heresy of this (the modern) school is that a child is concerned only with make-believe. For this is anticipated in the sense, at once sentimental and skeptical, that there is not much difference between make-believe and belief. But the real child does not confuse fact and fiction. He simply likes fiction. He acts it, because he cannot as yet write it or even read it; but he never allows his moral sanity to be clouded by it. To him no two things could be more totally contrary than playing at robbers and stealing sweets. No possible amount of playing at robbers would ever bring him an inch nearer to think it is really right to rob. I saw the distinction perfectly clear when I was a child; I wish I saw it half as clearly now. I played at being a robber for hours together at the end of the gardens; but it never had anything to do with the temptation I had to sneak a new paint-box out of my father's room."

Indeed, Chesterton develops many ideas on child psychology that tempt one to go into them more thoroughly. Nor are they altogether irrelevant to his story; but they would carry us too far for this short account of his life.

(To be continued)

Ten Best News Stories

The *Associated Press* presents the following as the biggest news stories that broke upon the world during 1939:

1. Germany turns blitzkrieg on Poland setting off the new European war.
2. England, France declare war on Germany.
3. Russia invades Finland.
4. U. S. Congress repeals arms embargo.
5. Pius XI, the Pope of Peace, dies.
6. Hitler misses death by 10 minutes in Munich bomb explosion.
7. British liner *Athenia* sunk with loss of 112 lives, including Americans.
8. King George VI and Queen Elizabeth visit U. S. and Canada.
9. U. S. submarine *Squalus* sinks; diving bell permits 33 of crew to escape for first time in sub history.
10. Trans-Atlantic air service starts.



WORDS WITH NEW MEANINGS

L. MERRILL

The industrial revolution has not only changed the economic complexion of the world. It has done havoc to language, giving new meanings to words that no dictionary can defend. As a matter of fact, new dictionaries should be prepared, with a list of words and meanings like the following:

Home-made: usually applied to an edible commodity like pie or cake or bread, which is made in a four-story factory where thousands of the item so described are turned out daily, and called "home-made" to deceive people into thinking that they were made by a mother standing over a hot stove watching each loaf, etc., burgeon into brown loveliness.

Absolutely free: used in connection with sucker lists, to play upon the weakness of most people for trying to get things for nothing, so that they can be made to pay double the value for something attached to the free article. The article to be given away is seldom just "free"—it is "absolutely free"—which marks a further corruption of the word "absolutely."

Personal: a word frequently written on envelopes addressed to 100,000 individuals to make each one think that the skin-game outlined in the letter enclosed is a confidential matter between himself and the corporation looking for his money.

Sacrifice: a word used to describe the poignant feelings of merchants when they have to part with articles that have been on their shelves for from one to five years, making the buyer believe that despite a breaking heart the merchant will part with them at a loss. It is never mentioned that if the merchant cannot get someone to buy the articles at any price he will have to sacrifice his business.

Love: something that a young woman can win for herself by getting rid of a muddy complexion, by using a certain soap to make her hands smooth, by washing her stockings in such a way that they don't get "runs," by eating an unlimited amount of a certain kind of breakfast food, or by the painful method of having a friend tell her she has halitosis. Love is also produced by white teeth, especially if made such by the use of a magic dentifrice.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE INSPIRATION OF THE GREAT

THE President of a small mid-western college was once on a tour of the various small towns in the vicinity "drumming up trade" for his institution. Its enrollment was small, and consequently it was having its financial troubles.

In one village he was told that the daughter of the richest man in town was of college age, but that her father had no esteem at all for "education," and in fact regarded it as entirely superfluous.

Nothing daunted, the President went to call on this gentleman, and although his salesmanship produced no visible effects, persuaded him to accept a catalogue of his college.

A few days later the President was surprised to receive a letter from the "town's richest man," in which he wrote:

"I don't know anything about Latin and Greek, and I don't care whether my daughter does; but looking through the names of the teachers and graduates of your institution, I know some of those women. I would like my daughter to be like them — so I am sending her to your school next term."

RIDICULE OPENS THE DOOR

MRS. Mary Weaver, a colored Protestant lady of Chicago, was, according to *St. Augustine's Messenger*, militantly anti-Catholic, and didn't care who knew it. She had been successively a Baptist, a Methodist, a Christian Scientist, and finally a Holy Roller, professing belief in "Jesus only."

Not satisfied with merely listening while another preached, this active church-member decided to become an Evangelist and herself to preach to others. With this idea in mind she began to take a correspondence course from the Moody Bible Institute.

One day, while at the home of a friend, Mrs. Weaver spied

a Catholic Catechism. Now one of her strong points was to inveigh against the Roman Catholic Church, to hold everything Catholic up to ridicule. And here was her chance to find out more about those foolish and terrible things which Catholics believe, in order to preach against them and to ridicule them.

With this thought uppermost in her mind the militant Evangelist-to-be picked up the Catechism and began to read. Gradually as she read on, belligerency gave way to curiosity, then curiosity to surprise, and surprise to a desire to learn more. "If this is what the Catholic Church teaches," these are her own words, "then I want to be a Catholic."

The result was that Mrs. Mary Weaver received the Sacrament of Baptism on December 11, 1938, in St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church, and became just as militant for the Catholic Religion as ever she had been against it.

One day after her Baptism she visited one of her Holy Roller friends. This lady was very much shocked at her friend's conversion, and chided her for it.

"Oh, Mary," the Holy Roller friend complained, "what have you done with 'Jesus only'?"

"I still have Him," Mrs. Weaver answered. "Only now I've taken on the Father and the Holy Ghost too!"

SERMON WITHOUT WORDS

THREE monks came to the Abbot Stephen, we are told, to ask his advice with regard to the spiritual life. But to all their questions he remained silent, and seemed to pay no attention to their inquiries. Finally one of them said:

"How is it, Father, that you have nothing to say to us, when we have come to learn from your experience things useful and profitable to our salvation?"

Abbot Stephen replied:

"You must pardon me, I did not hear anything that you said. All I have to say to you is that I think of nothing else, day and night, but that Our Lord Jesus Christ was nailed to the Cross for us."

The three monks left him more edified by these simple words than if they had heard a long discourse.

Pointed Paragraphs

Holy Week in an Unholy World

The Christian and Catholic interpretation of the meaning of life, centered around the events of Holy Week, has seldom had stronger factual evidence of its truth than the state of the world provides today.

The Christian explanation of life is this:

1) Man is a fallen creature, inclined towards evil, needing to be redeemed by someone who can wipe out the debt against him and at the same time restrengthen his faculties against evil.

2) Christ, the Son of God made man, became the Redeemer by paying man's debt to God with His life, and reconstructed human nature by offering it supernatural life with the means of living in a supernatural manner each day.

Now, the state of the modern world reveals these two elements of the Christian philosophy of life in a remarkable way:

1) That man is fallen, inclined towards evil, needing someone to redeem him from the slavery of his passions, is revealed by every cruel act of every dictator, by every decree that cities be bombed and men and women and children killed, by every act of lying, cheating, unprovoked aggression, diplomatic chicanery, etc., participated in by the governments of the world. Anyone who hesitates to believe that man is fallen and needs redemption, is in a sad state of blindness and will sound very much like a sorry fool when he tries to give some other explanation to the vicious conduct of his fellow man and the evil tendencies of his own heart.

2) That Christ was the Redeemer, that He did pay man's debt and then give him power to overcome his evil tendencies, is likewise factually evidenced in the world today. Side by side with the tales of cruelty and bloodshed, we can read stories of almost divine heroism among men. Men and women giving up not only sinful pas-

THE LIGUORIAN

sions, but all the sinless loves and comforts of life to serve others; men and women forgiving one another, suffering for one another, dying for one another, these are indications that some among men have found redemption even if others have remained savages. And it will always be found that the former are those who accepted Christ and His sacrifice and allowed Him to make them divine.

Holy Week tests not only the faith, but likewise the common sense of every man. For common sense leads him to look for a Saviour, and to find Him where millions have found Him, on a cross on Good Friday.

"Tie It Up"

Most of us have gotten well into the routine of short rations and meatless meals required during Lent by the laws of fast and abstinence. Some, no doubt, are becoming grateful for the strictures, as they watch waistlines diminish and undue avoirdupois disappear. Others, not interested in reducing, are probably already longing for Holy Saturday to lift the burden of penance. Of both classes many are forgetting, no doubt, why they are doing penance.

The penances of Lent are to be "tied up" with the needs of our lives. If we have sinned in the past, we are to say to the body through which the sins have been committed: "Suffer now for those sins, lest ye suffer later and forever." If a certain fault has been committed often, we are to "tie up" our penances with that particular fault, saying, "I shall train myself in self-control, and then apply the fruits of that training to the sphere in which I failed God in the past."

With that understanding, a man with a formerly ungovernable temper can say each time he eats a meatless dinner, or goes hungry at breakfast: "If I can go hungry now, surely I'll be more able to be patient and meek the next time I am crossed."

One who has frequently indulged a tendency to maligning, uncharitable words, can say, as he gives up the steak he is accustomed to eat at certain meals: "So shall I give up making morsels of my neighbor's reputation."

And the one who has let sensual things absorb him too much, whether in the form of bad shows, or bad conversation, or bad

thoughts and actions, can most appropriately of all take to his training in hunger for food as a direct preparation for learning how to leave unsatisfied his hunger for other sinful sensual things.

Those who thus "tie up" their Lenten penance with the needs of their lives, will rejoice at the end of Lent, not because fasting is over, but because it has brought them some new quality of both body and soul.

St. Joseph

From tradition we gather the impression that St. Joseph was the retiring, silent type of man. Perhaps this is due to the fact that so little is said about him in the Scriptures, and that he himself says so little. There is not one quotation of his own words in the whole Bible.

The impression is correct. In such exalted company as that of Jesus and Mary it is only natural that he should give place to Him who was God, and to her who was God's mother, and leave posterity with the conviction that certainly he was far from these two in grace and perfection. Joseph was a saint, and sanctity is built on the truth of humility.

But such self-effacement does not mean that Joseph was a weak man. He chanced the fierceness of Herod's legions in order that he might see the Infant God safely into Egypt. That trip we can compare to a trip that a Russian archbishop, accused of treason, would make today, were he to decide to escape his country to foreign lands. Joseph did not hesitate a moment when the summons came to go, and though history is silent as to what actually happened on the journey, we can be sure that he was equal to any occasion that arose.

It is an interesting speculation to wonder how a man like Joseph would react to 20th century civilization, how he would fit into a world as complex, as industrial, as materialistic and indifferent as is ours.

Would he be a strong labor man? We believe he would, not in the raucous, haranguing, noisy way, but in the quiet, unassuming manner of the man who thinks well over what he is about to do, and then acts only on conviction.

How often would he go to Communion? There is little doubt about that. He would approach the holy table every day.

What would be his conduct towards the government? Complaining, criticizing, tearing down on the plea that he enjoyed the privilege of free speech? We do not think so. He would show the government, the representative of God, the same respect that he would show to God Himself, criticizing only when the government definitely departed from its high office, and no longer ruled in the name of God, or according to God's will.

Joseph would live in a corner of one of the cities, and seem no different from a thousand other men who went to work each morning, spent a quiet evening at home after work was over, and tried to the best of his ability to provide for the needs of his family. Only after his death would the news get around as to how great a man he really was.

St. Patrick

St. Patrick is the universal saint. Jew and Gentile, German and Pole will vie with one another on the 17th of March to proclaim their affinity to the Apostle of Ireland. Sad to say, many a battle will be fought to a finish on that day because some "foreigner" will dare fly the color green from the lapel of his coat when there is not one drop of green blood in his body.

This is a mistake — this claiming Patrick only for Ireland. He is not so much national as he is Catholic. It is due to the Church that he has his greatness, and the Church is universal — spread throughout the whole world. Were he but another hero who led the troops to victory against numerous odds, or another statesman who by the power of his words brought the opposition to their knees, his name would be held in honor — but that is all. There would be no universal celebration on his birthday.

We should bring all nations to the arms of this great saint; we should urge all peoples to call their children Patrick and Patricia. Perhaps by so doing we shall help them to acquire the spirit that was the first Patrick's. And what was that spirit? Love of country, it is true, but a love made perfect in the larger love of Almighty God, which rendered impossible the hating of a brother because he was born with another name or under another flag. If St. Patrick is remembered for anything, it is for his extraordinary love of the neigh-

bor in his native country and out of it, all of which was based on and anchored in, as it were, the love of Christ his Master.

Patrick founded the Faith so well in Ireland that it has never been lost. But it is unfortunate that in the United States there is many a Murphy, many a Flanagan, many an O'Brien who has given up the great tradition for nothing, or for something watered down and awfully weak. Besides drinking a toast to the Apostle on his birthday, it might be well to send him a call to come back and see what can be done with those prodigal children who have wandered far from home.

Routes Without Roads

"Public schools," says a report of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, "can be concerned neither with sectarianism nor with theology. They do seek for every child a sound ethical judgment and wholesome philosophy of life. These are as fully within the scope of public education as instruction in any academic discipline."

Whoever wrote this particular bit of advice for public school principals and teachers has a beautiful command of words but does not possess much in the line of ideas. Here are some of the parallels that might be added to the statement if it were to be accepted for what its words mean:

1. Public schools cannot be concerned with any particular system of arithmetic nor with ironclad principles for adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing. They do seek to awaken in every child a wholesome respect for figures in general, and perhaps enough addition and subtraction for making change at a corner grocery store.

2. Public schools cannot be concerned with any particular language as a means of communicating with their fellow men. They do seek for every child a deep, reverent love for all languages in general, and the knowledge of a few simple phrases with which to make known to one another their thoughts about the weather.

The parallels are not far-fetched. It is everlastingly true that if men talked about any other subject under the sun in the illogical way in which they talk about ethics and religion, they would immediately be judged insane.

+-----LIGUORIANA-----+

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

THE SACRIFICE OF JESUS CHRIST *Prefigured in the Old Law*

All the sacrifices of the old law were figures of the sacrifice of our divine Redeemer, and there were

four kinds of these sacrifices: namely, the **From:** sacrifices of peace, of **The Holy** thanksgiving, of expiation, and of impetration.

The *sacrifices of peace* were instituted to render to God the worship of adoration that is due to Him as the Sovereign Master of all things. Of this kind were the holocausts.

The *sacrifices of thanksgiving* were destined to give thanks to the Lord for all His benefits.

The *sacrifices of expiation* were established to obtain the pardon of sin. This kind of sacrifice was specially represented in the Feast of Expiation by the scapegoat, which, having been laden with all the sins of the people, was led forth out of the camp of the Hebrews, and afterwards abandoned in the desert to be there devoured by the ferocious beasts. This sacrifice was the most expressive figure of the sacrifice of the Cross. Jesus Christ was laden with the sins of men, as *Isaias* had foretold: *The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.* He was afterwards ignominiously led forth from Jerusalem, whither the Apostle invites us to follow Him by sharing in His opprobrium: *Let us go forth therefore to Him without the camp, bearing his reproach.* He was abandoned to ferocious beasts; that is to say, to the Gentiles who crucified Him.

Finally, the *sacrifices of impetration* had for their object to obtain from God His aid and His grace.

Now, all these sacrifices were abolished by the coming of the Redeemer, because only the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, which was a perfect sacrifice, while all the ancient sacrifices were imperfect, was sufficient to expiate all the sins, and merit for man every grace. This is the reason why the Son of God on entering the world said to His Father: *Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldst not; but a body Thou hast fitted to me.* Holocausts for sin did not please Thee. Then said I: Behold, I come; in the head of the book it is written of me, that I should do Thy will, O God. Hence, by offering to God the sacrifice of Jesus Christ we can fulfill all our duties towards His supreme majesty, and provide for all our wants; and by this means we succeed in maintaining a holy intercourse between God and ourselves.

The Conditions of Sacrifice

We must also know that the Old Law exacted five conditions in regard to the victims which were offered to God so as to be agreeable to Him; namely, sanctification, oblation, immolation, consumption, and participation.

The victim had to be *sanctified*, or consecrated to God, so that there might not be offered to Him anything that was not holy or unworthy of His majesty. Hence, the animal destined for sacrifice had to be without stain, without defect; it was not to be blind, lame,

weak, nor deformed, according to what was prescribed in the Book of Deuteronomy. This condition indicated that such would be the Lamb of God, the victim promised for the salvation of the world; that is to say, that He would be holy and exempt from every defect. We are thereby instructed that our prayers and other good works are not worthy of being offered to God, or at least can never be fully agreeable to Him, if they are in any way defective. Moreover, the animal thus sanctified could no longer be employed for any profane usage, and was regarded as a thing consecrated to God in such a manner that only a priest was permitted to touch it. This shows us how displeasing it is to God if persons consecrated to Him busy themselves without real necessity with the things of the world, and thus live in distraction and in neglect of what concerns the glory of God.

The victim had to be *offered* to God; this was done by certain words that the Lord Himself had prescribed.

It had to be *immolated*, or put to death; but this immolation was not always brought about by death, properly so called; for the sacrifice of the loaves of proposition, or show bread, was accomplished, for example, without using iron or fire, but only by means of the natural heat of those who ate of them.

The victim had to be *consumed*. This was done by fire. The sacrifice in which the victim was entirely consumed by fire was called holocaust. The latter was thus entirely annihilated in order to indicate by this destruction the unlimited power that God has over

all His creatures, and that as He created them out of nothing, so He can reduce them to the nothingness from which they came. In fact, the principal end of the sacrifice is to acknowledge God as a Sovereign Being, so superior to all things that everything before Him is purely nothing; for all things are nothing in presence of Him who possesses all things in Himself. The smoke that came from this sacrifice and arose in the air signified that God received it as a sweet odor, — that is to say, with pleasure, — as is written of the sacrifice of Noe: *Noe . . . offered holocausts upon the altar; and the Lord smelled a sweet savor.*

All the people, together with the priest, had to be *partakers* of the victim. Hence, in the sacrifices, excepting the holocaust, the victim was divided into three parts, one part of which was destined for the priest, one for the people, and one for the fire. This last part was regarded as belonging to God, who by this means communicated in some manner with those who were partakers of the victim.

These five conditions are found reunited in the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb. 1) The separation of the lamb signified that it was a victim consecrated to God; 2) This consecration was succeeded by the *oblation*, which took place in the Temple, where the lamb was presented; 3) On the fourteenth day of the month the *immolation* took place, or the lamb was killed; 4) Then the lamb was roasted and divided among those present, and this was the *partaking* it, or communion; 5) Finally, the lamb having been eaten, what remained of it was consumed by fire, and thus was the sacrifice consummated.

Book Reviews

HAGIOGRAPHY

The Circle of Sanctity. By Paul McCann. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Pages 271. Price, \$2.50.

In an earlier work Paul McCann presented a study, not a mere biography, of St. John Fisher and his times—*A Valiant Bishop against a Ruthless King*. Here in the present volume the author returns to the study of the saints, or rather of sanctity exemplified in the lives of a number of selected studies.

Perhaps it was his study of the life of St. John Fisher, who defied the tyranny of Henry VIII and paid for his opposition with the loss of his head, that lead Paul McCann into this wider field. Though many weary hours must have been spent in research and study and reading—an ample bibliography and numerous quotations are sufficient evidence of this,—the present volume is by no means dry or belabored. On the contrary, it is alive with a vibrant enthusiasm and written in a quite modern style. It is both readable and interesting.

Does the author propose a "new theory of sanctity?" Hardly that; but he does, rather, stress strongly the truth that all men and women have within themselves the natural passions which can be directed to holiness; while God offers His help in the Sacraments, prayer, the example of the Saints and devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. Again, in emphasizing a certain virtue in the lives of the Saints whom he proposes to our consideration, the author does not specifically treat the supernatural virtues of faith, hope and charity, but these are certainly presupposed in sanctity. Without them there can be no sanctity; without them the rest of the virtues would be meaningless, or at most merely natural—and natural goodness is not sanctity. May it not be said that the author emphasizes the "human" side of holiness? The first chapter of the book, almost one fifth of the whole volume, and not the least interesting part of it, is devoted to this preliminary study.

The Saints are not isolationists; they are not unique in their sanctity. One

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

influences the other. They complement one another so that when they are gathered, as it were, like arcs within a circle, they show forth the perfect sanctity of God and the

well rounded holiness of the Church of God on earth. This is brought out clearly in the present volume.

Not all the Saints nor all the virtues are discussed. In the chapter "The Arc of Wisdom," St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Robert Bellarmine, "Defender of Democracy," are studied; "The Arc of Poverty" is prefaced by a study of early monasticism and in this chapter we find St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis de Sales. "The Maid of Orleans" and St. Ignatius Loyola are within the arc of obedience. "The Psalms as a Guide to God" introduce us to the model penitent, St. Augustine, and to the Little Flower. Love of the neighbor is portrayed in Pope St. Gregory and St. Vincent de Paul. In the final chapter we hear "Voices in the Wilderness"—Popes Leo XII and Pius XI pleading the cause of justice.—*M. S. B.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Along a Little Way. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Pages 83. Price, \$1.25. J. P. Kenedy and Son, New York.

Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes has chosen to confine her spiritual autobiography to an unpretentious book of eighty three pages. But it is a book that is inspiring in its every page. Many of her readers, Mrs. Keyes realizes, are looking with suspicion upon her recent conversion to the Catholic Church. "So Frances Parkinson Keyes has become a Catholic; but *why?*" This book is the answer. To begin with, the authoress has, as those who are acquainted with her novels know, a style that is direct and appealing and sparkling fresh. None of the sparkle is missing in these pages; yet the tone is reverent and holy throughout. We will not read here of mental strife and anguish, for, as the writer herself says: "I was not drawn towards Catholicism by any turmoil of spirit or any dogmatic dissension. I am one of those fortunate human beings who was born with religious faith." Her conversion

was a natural process, like the growth of a flower, and it is a spiritual thrill to witness the unfolding of that flower from the time Mrs. Keyes dwelt in the chilly climate of Calvinism until she found what she realized were her natural surroundings in the Catholic Church. To those who know the novelist as an ardent devotee of the Little Flower it will be a surprise to learn that the miracle of her conversion took place at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre in Canada. It was "along the little way" of St. Therese, however, that she came to the Church, and it is easy to trace in this book her spiritual affinity to the "little" saint. The book closes with a charming account of the convert's reception into the Church, which took place only recently at the Abbaye des Benedictines in Lisieux.—C. C. C.

RELIGION

Our Divine Model. The Gospel Life of Christ. By Peter A. Resch, S.M., S.T.D. Translated and Adapted from the French by Canon L. Christiani, Dean of the Catholic Faculty of the University of Lyons. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee. 308 pages.

Intended as a text for a single semester's work in the religion course for high school or college, this is a harmonized life of Christ with many features that recommend it highly. First of all, it intentionally abstains from injecting too much personal comment and distracting amplification into the narrative of Christ's life and work as presented by the Gospels. With praiseworthy reserve, the author has inserted only enough of his own material to carry the narrative along and reveal clues to the meaning of stories otherwise difficult to find. Secondly, the division of the chapters has been made with a consistent view to making each one of single lesson size—so that the thirty chapters can be covered in a semester. Thirdly, in the brief dogmatic, moral, spiritual, and liturgical notes at the end of each chapter, ample scope is given to the individuality of the teacher to stress what the circumstances of his class make important. The translator defines his purpose as that of bringing the life of Christ *solely, directly, and personally* into the lives of students. We believe the book will do that, not only for students, but for members of parochial study clubs (by whom we have frequently

been asked to suggest a book to be used in studying the life of Christ) and by individuals who want to know Christ better. The book is beautifully bound, has an index, and a number of faithfully reproduced cuts of masterpieces of art presenting scenes in the life of Christ.—D. F. M.

The Will of God. By St. Alphonsus. New translation by T. A. Murphy, C.Ss.R. Published by the Office of the Irish Messenger, 5 Great Denmark St., Dublin, Ireland. 28 pages. Price, two-pence.

The essence of the ascetical teaching of St. Alphonsus is that the whole perfection of man consists of the love of God, and that the love of God is perfectly fulfilled only in perfect conformity to God's Will. He elaborated this principle in one of his most widely read brochures, and the work has remained a classic ever since. Father Murphy has given that work a new and excellent translation and brought it out in a nicely printed pamphlet that should reach thousands of new readers. There is a definite movement among modern spiritual writers towards reducing the elaborate ascetical systems of many traditional writers to more simple methods and formulas. St. Alphonsus Liguori is the forerunner and leader of all such, because of his simple centralization of all spiritual endeavor around the exercise of love. This booklet is therefore, his simple formula for becoming a saint.—D. F. M.

Ready Replies on Religion. By Rev. Winfred Herbst. Published by Pustet. 137 pages. Price, \$1.50.

This is not the usual type of question box on matters pertaining to religion. Perhaps the title would better have been "Ready Replies on Matters Spiritual." It deals predominantly with topics like vocation, meditation, humility, mortification, temptation, assistance at Mass, scruples, etc. It asks and answers fundamental questions pertaining to the quest of perfection, and the answers are intentionally not only informative but also meditative. A unique work, therefore, but one that will accomplish great good among all who are trying to lead a better life and who now and then find the principles of such a life confused or difficult.—D. F. M.



Catholic Comment



Any Catholic who has the slightest interest in the economic troubles of America (and what human being, not to say Catholic human being, has not that?) who does not read the statement recently published by the bishops of the United States and entitled "The Church and the Social Order" will have a hard time proving that his interest is real when it comes to recognizing the fundamental solution to the many social problems of our times. The statement is authoritative, simple, brief, and clear; it summarizes neatly the chief recommendations of the last five popes. One of the amusing aftermaths of the issuance of the statement was the non-committal, yes-and-no, oh-yes-I-heard-something-about-that type of comment it brought forth from various civic and religious leaders the country over. One United States Senator, a Catholic, declared "he was very much in sympathy with what the bishops had to say and intended to make a detailed study of the statement." How pleased the bishops must be with such high-placed sympathy. The Episcopalian bishop of Chicago finds "the suggestion of the bishops very interesting," as if it were one timid little proposal for relieving congestion of traffic during the rush hours. The president of a certain Methodist University pronounced that "it was apparent the bishops were going along the right line," as if to say that some day they may really come out with something good. A Jewish rabbi produced the classic fence-stradling, yes-and-no type of comment: "The mood of the proposal appears to me to sustain the principle of all religion, viz., that the human personality is paramount. As for the method of attaining security for the individual, the guild or any other system is open to debate." It all goes to show how real thought and analysis are stultified by the foolish American custom of making prominent people say something about items of public interest even when they know little or nothing about them. Quite different was the comment of Father Coughlin, who devoted an entire hour of his radio time to a thorough analysis of the bishops' statement.

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We don't know what motives inspired it, but the action of the Northam Warren Corporation, one of the world's largest cosmetic distributors, in moving their plant from New York City to Stamford, Connecticut, has many features that commend it highly. The company, of course, will move with the plant all of its 500 odd employees who wish to go, and that means that 500 families will be uprooted from stuffy, congested, city life to something like the country. It isn't quite getting "back to the land," but we believe every movement away from the super-colossal cities is a step in the right direction. Some individuals may not see it as such; having grown up in the noise and speed and congestion and sophistication of the big city they may find it hard to tear themselves away, even for the fresh air and wholesomeness of the country. But then, that's what keeps our cities super-colossal. The more movements that can break down the meretricious love of the city dweller for his stifling environment the better off the country will be.

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Having followed the lead of other Catholic publications in scoring the Procter and Gamble Soap Co. for the birth-control promotion activities of one of the Gambles, we owe the firm an apology on the basis of its recently published

THE LIGUORIAN

announcement that Dr. Clarence J. Gamble, the propagandist in question, has no connection with the Soap firm. Perhaps we can make the apology better by adding that Procter and Gamble Co. is listed by some Catholic sociologists as one of the few firms in the country that has been trying to work out a guaranteed year round income for its employees. That is a type of activity that Pope Pius XI laid down as incumbent upon employers to overcome the so-called economic argument for birth-prevention. If Procter and Gamble Co. will continue trying to better the conditions of its employees, it will be doing much to cut the ground from under the Gamble scion who goes about teaching people that they are too poor to have children.



We have been asked recently whether it is a sin to see the gorgeous, magnificent, unparalleled, colossal, epochal screen drama "Gone With the Wind." Perhaps it is a purely personal viewpoint, but utterly apart from the question of morality involved in going to the film, we have never been able to work up very much interest in the whole business. Early in the history of the national furor caused by the book itself, we learned that it was written by a fallen away Catholic, that its heroine, once a Catholic, became in effect if not in the trade, a prostitute; that the author leaves it to be gathered that the course pursued by her heroine was inevitable. These considerations quite effectually squelched any desire we might have had to read the book on the score of the literary qualities the critics were praising so highly. Now comes the film, offering us a four hour sit, for a grand opera price, to watch the squirmings of an ex-Catholic through the mazes of her wantonness. No, thank you. We'll take a little trip through the slums when we want to see life in the raw. In the slums, people come to their senses once in a while and decide to do better.



From Detroit, Mrs. R. Piggott, the mother of a family, writes that for 15 years her family has been carrying out the suggestion made in THE LIGUORIAN after Monsignor McMenamin of Denver, that a "family night" be held each week. She has two married sons, who have their own homes, and at one of the three domiciles all gather once each week, on Saturday or Sunday. The practice began way back and has been responsible for many joys. Again we urge it upon every family—one night a week for the family alone, no disputes or arguments allowed, program to be arranged by each member in turn, no excuses barring illness or earthquake, and a rousing good time to be had by all.



An example of the complete subjection, not to say prostitution, of intellectual honesty to the desire for cash income, has been given recently by an American magazine with a large circulation both in the United States and in Canada. The edition of the magazine that circulates in the United States is, according to the charges made by a Canadian editor, strongly anti-war and anti-British; while the edition that circulates in Canada is violently patriotic, urging citizens of the Dominion to give their all for the empire. Yet the incident is not so isolated. Many a newspaper and magazine has been conceived, born, bred and reared unto fat productiveness on the contaminated principle: "Give 'em what they want." The sad thing is that so many of the mental perverts, moral cowards, social morons who make that their aim do so under the support of another principle that is too typically American in low places as well as in high: "That's good business."

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

Mountain Guide—Be careful not to fall here. It's dangerous. But if you do fall, remember to look to the left. You get a wonderful view on that side.

*

Two ex-sailors had been partners in business for thirty years. But now the partnership was about to be dissolved. One of them lay dying. The sufferer called his friend to his bedside.

"I know I haven't much longer to live, old man," he said. "Before I go I've got a confession to make. During the years of our partnership I've swindled you out of thousands of dollars. Can you forgive me?"

"That's all right," said the other one cheerfully, "I poisoned you."

*

Salesman: "Boy, I want to see someone around here with a little authority."

Office Boy: "Well, I have about as little as anyone, what is it you want?"

*

Ned: "I took a poke at a barber yesterday."

Ted: "Why, did you lose your head?"

Ned: "No, but I would have if he'd shaved me any closer."

*

Constable (to motorist): "Take it easy; don't you see that sign, 'Slow Down Here'?"

Motorist: "Yes, officer, but I thought it was describing the village."

*

Chief Justice Hughes is a ready wit, as has been proved on more than one occasion.

It is related that shortly after his second election as governor of New York, Mr. Hughes was showing a prominent lawyer through the executive mansion, when the latter exclaimed: "You certainly have a handsome place here."

"Yes," said Governor Hughes, and then remembering the bitterness of the election campaign he had just passed through, he added: "But I had a hard time getting the landlord to renew the lease."

*

A little chap was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused.

Coaxing, pleading, arguing, promise of untold wonders brought from him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum: "No country for me."

"But why not?" his mother asked.

"Because," he replied, "they have thrashin' machines down there, and it's bad enough when they do it by hand."

*

"Jeannie, lassie," said an Aberdonian to his daughter, "I've just had a veesit fra Tammie and I've consented to your marriage."

"Oh, but faither," she blurted out, "I dinna want to leave my mither."

"Hoots, lassie," was the reply, dinna let that trouble ye; ye can tak her wi' ye."

*

Friend—So you fined Miss Sweetly \$5 for speeding. Is she appealing?

Magistrate—Oh, very. But we could not let that affect our decision, you know!

*

Mrs. Brown: Here is a letter from mother. She says that she is feeling seedy.

Mr. Brown: I suppose that means that she is going to plant herself on us.

*

Judge: "What did your husband do to provoke you the second time after you threw the alarm clock at him?"

Wife: "It wasn't what he did, your Honor, but what he said."

Judge: "Tell the court his exact words."

Wife: "My, how time flies."

*

Professor: I have been exceedingly busy this year, giving lectures on renowned steeples.

Swift: I should have preferred platforms. Much safer, old man.

*

"The oldest watches weighed about a half pound."

"Gosh! Time must have weighed heavily in those times."

*

Missionary: And do you know nothing whatever about religion?

Cannibal: Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here.

FOR THE BLIND

The sympathy of the whole world goes out to the blind. There are secular organizations devoted entirely to the task of helping those deprived of sight to gain some comfort or enjoyment out of life that they could not possibly otherwise know.

The Redemptorist Fathers of the Mission Church, Boston, Massachusetts, have prepared a braille edition of the novena prayers to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for the use of the blind. Those who have care of the blind, or who have blind friends or acquaintances, will bring to them the great joy and confidence that devotion to the Mother of God has brought to millions if they procure for them these prayers in braille.

The braille novena can be purchased at cost, by writing to The Liguorian, or to The Redemptorist Fathers, 1545 Tremont St., Boston, Massachusetts.

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

NEWLY PREVIEWED

Special Investigator

Death Goes North

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

Abe Lincoln in Illinois
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The
Alleghany Uprising
Angels Wash Their Faces
Arizona Kid
Babes in Arms
Bad Little Angel
Beware Ghosts
Blondie Brings Up Baby
Blondie Takes a Vacation
Blue Bird, The
British Intelligence
Brother Rat and a Baby
Call a Messenger
Charlie Chan at Treasure Island
Charlie McCarthy, Detective
Children of the Wild
Chip of the Flying "U"
Chump at Oxford, A
Covered Trailer
Danger Flight
Danger on Wheels
Days of Jesse James
Dead End Kids on Dress Parade
Death of a Champion
Death Rides the Range
Disputed Passage
Emergency Squad
Entente Cordiale (French)
Escape to Paradise
Everybody's Hobby
Everything Happens at Night
Everything's On Ice
Fighting Gringo
Fighting 69th
First Love
Five Little Peppers and How They Grew
Flight at Midnight
Flying Deuces
Gairlan, El (Spanish)
Gerontimo
Golgotha
Great Victor Herbert, The
Gulliver's Travels

Henry Goes to Arizona
Heroes of the Saddle
Hidden Enemy
High School
Hollywood Calvalcade
In Old Monterey
Inspector Hornleigh on Holiday
Invisible Man Returns
Ireland's Border Line
Irish Luck
Isle of Destiny
Jespens Creepers
Judge Hardy and Son
Kansas Terrors, The
Kid Nightingale
Knights of the Range
Konga, the Wild Stallion
Kustens Glada Kavallerer (Swedish)
Laugh It Off
Legion of Lost Flyers
Legion of the Lawless
Life of Mother Cabrini
Lion Has Wings, The
Little Flower of Jesus
Little Old New York
Llano Kid
Mad Empress, The
Main Street Lawyer
Man from Arizona
Man Who Dared, The
Marines Fly High
Marshal of Mead City
Meet Dr. Christian
Mikado, The
Mill on the Floss, The
Missing Evidence
Monastery
Money to Burn
Music in My Heart
Nancy Drew and the Hidden Staircase
Nick Carter, Master Detective
Noblesse de la Galle (Spanish)
No Place to Go
Northwest Passage
Nurse Edith Cavell
Oh, Johnny, Oh

Oklahoma Frontier
\$1,000 a Touchdown
Opened by Mistake
Overture to Glory
Pack Up Your Troubles
Parole Fizzer
Perpetual Sacrifice
Pioneer Days
Pioneers of the Frontier
Pride of the Blue Grass (formerly reviewed as Gantry the Great)
Real Glory
Riders of Pasco Basin
Riders of the Black River
Roll, Wagons, Roll
Rovin' Tumbleweeds
Rulers of the Sea
Sabotage
Saga of Death Valley
Saint's Double Trouble
Sante Fe Marshal
Seventeen
She Married a Cop
Sky Patrol
South of the Border
Star Maker, The
Stop, Look and Love
Straight Shooter
Stranger from Texas
Sued for Libel
Swanee River
Swiss Family Robinson
Television Spy, The
That's Right, You're Wrong
Too Busy to Work
Torchy Plays with Dynamite
20,000 Men a Year
Two-Fisted Rangers
Two Thoroughbreds
U-Boat 29
Under-Pup, The
Village Barn Dance
Wall Street Cowboy
Westbound Stage
West of Carson City
Young as You Feel